

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

10
CENTS

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN JAPAN

BY R. VAN BERGEN.



BUDDHA

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JULY,
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

JULY, 1897

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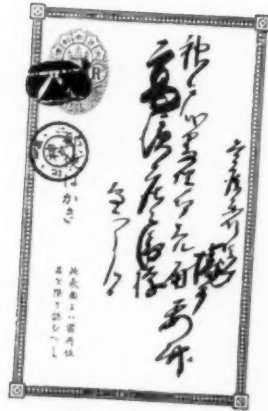
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LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT

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Japanese postal card





Japanese Peasants

Arthur's Home Magazine

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No. 7



Japanese Garden

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN JAPAN.

By R. van Bergen.

Any old resident of Japan, upon returning to the United States, cannot fail being both surprised and amused at the general tenor of the questions addressed to him by apparently thoughtful and well-informed people. It is not too much to state that the impression prevails that both our government and people are popular in Japan, and no opinion could be more erroneous. But grave consequences lie hidden in this error. It is this impression that causes us to look with sympathy upon Japan and her efforts, and to give our moral support unstintingly to political measures of which we do not know and whose purposes, were we aware of it, would be looked upon with distrust.

The American public cannot be blamed for either ignorance or sympathy. Although Japan is our neighbor across the Pacific, that ocean has a width of almost 5,000 miles, and no cable rests in its depth to annihilate distance. Our only resource, then, is the account of travelers; and it is not an ephemeral passage through Japan which enables the most acute observer to understand the spirit and impulses of a people, differing not only in language, but whose method of arriving at conclusions is diametrically opposed to our logic.

The old resident is gradually disappearing, and they are few, indeed, who, still dwelling in those sunny isles, have seen the last days of the dead Shogun-



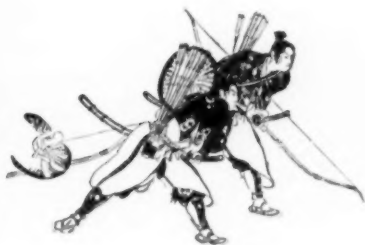
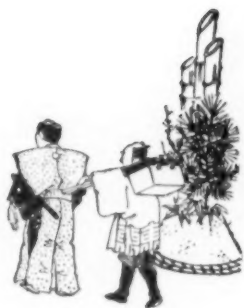
ate or even the early dawn of rejuvenated Japan. It was not altogether love of gain, nor necessity that impelled those few pioneers to risk being buried in alien soil. There is something so attractive in the land and its climate that many of those, after visiting their former home, returned, and while grumblingly submitting to altered circumstances, once again took up the narrow thread of their lives in the land of the Rising Sun. They look with dismay upon the Japan of to-day. Their long acquaintance with the natives warrants the belief that they know and understand them, and some new experience is needed to confirm the frequently returning conviction that, while they do know Japan, its people and government are as much of an enigma as ever they were. And if the man who has dwelt in the land, and speaks the language, despairs of venturing on account of those among whom he has passed the better part of a lifetime, what credence can be allotted to those whose presumptuous ignorance leads them to represent as facts what are in reality nothing but impressions modified by the slightest

occurrence and frequently subject to the passing mood of the writer.

English books, that is, books written by British authors, contain much and valuable information, but these works are unknown to the general public of the United States. Men like Chamberlain, Aston, Satow, Mitford, and a host of others who studied the Japanese language and succeeded in effectually mastering it, have contributed invaluable facts upon the history and sociology of the inhabitants of Dai Nippon. But the acquisition of this knowledge involved many years of strenuous labor, and their efforts were bent upon deciphering the Japan of the Past, rather than that of the Present, with its aspirations for the Future. There are Americans who could write of the Japan of To-day. Rev. Dr. Hepburn, now of Philadelphia, Pa., who witnessed the vanishing power of the Tokugawa Shogun, and who passed thirty-five years of his life in Japan; Rev. G. F. Verbeck, still a resident of Tokyo, who reached Nagasaki before Yokohama was known abroad; and other faithful students of Japan and the Japanese might unveil these people to us



Carriers



Japanese Warriors



Japanese Warrior

as they are. They, however, modestly decline revealing the real Japan and the spirit actuating its people.

It is time that the question should be answered, plainly and without circumlocution, of: How do the Japanese regard America and the Americans? Is it not a fact that many, if not all correspondents of the daily press are compelled to cater to a desire to flatter our people, by mentioning especially and frequently the high estimate in which we and our institutions are held abroad? Let the reader be the arbiter.

It is a historical fact that the first American Minister to Japan, Townsend Harris, induced the Shogun in Yeddo to enter into a commercial treaty with us. But, it is also a fact, deeply and relentlessly resented by the Japanese official class, that the argument used was a scarcely veiled threat of England's desire for conquest, and that *fear* was the motive of the Bakufu's¹ consent. The brilliant act of pun-

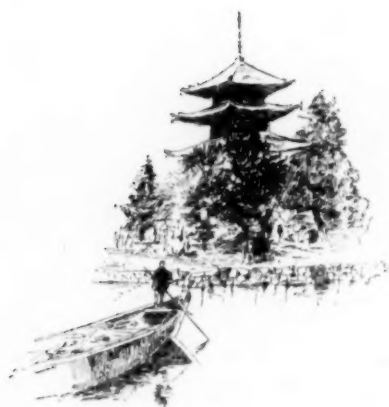
¹Name of the Shogun's Cabinet.

ishment inflicted by Captain David McDougal, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Wyoming, upon the Daimio of Choshu for firing upon the American merchantman Pembroke, however well-merited, has also not been forgotten. The Japanese Shizoku, or member of the official class, boasts of his invincibility, and any act casting doubt upon this quality is fiercely resented. Close upon three centuries passed since Hideyoshi's once victorious armies were compelled to evacuate Corea, and for three centuries the desire to avenge that disgrace has rankled in the breast of those Shizoku, until China furnished the opportunity to wipe it out. The same feeling agitates the Japanese Shizoku against us, more deeply hidden, perhaps, but none the less strong.

But has not the opening of Japan benefited both government and people? From our point of view the answer to this question would be unquestionably in the affirmative. But that will not do. We must consider the Japanese idea of the benefits conferred.



Japanese Artist at Work



Temple

And in this consideration we must be guided exclusively by the opinion of scarcely five per cent. of the inhabitants of those isles. The merchant, the farmer, and the mechanic have absolutely no voice in the matter. For hundreds of years they have been trained and learned to be satisfied with leaving all public questions in the hands of the Shizoku, who, in their turn, would swiftly punish any encroachment of what they look upon as their natural prerogative. The official historiographers openly and distinctly proclaim this fact. "From the most ancient times the governing classes in Japan, having had a common origin and the administrative functions having been discharged as stated above by generation after generation of the same lineage, great importance naturally attached to questions of genealogy and rank: the distinction of governing and governed was always rigidly observed and guaranteed against confusion."² And again: "No matter was deemed of greater importance, alike from a political and a social point of view in Japan, than to preserve dis-

tinctions of birth. During the Tokugawa Epoch, the lines of demarkation were clearly and sharply maintained between Samurai, farmers, artisans, and merchants, the four classes ranking in the order here given."³ One more extract will distinctly show the regard in which these "gentlemen" hold merchants: "Turning to the people, we find that the great majority of them consisted of farmers, artisans, and merchants. Agriculture being regarded as the staple national industry, farmers ranked above both artisans and merchants, the low place assigned to the mercantile class being due to the consideration that they worked in their own interests only."⁴ These three extracts from an officially compiled history, written by members of the official class for the use of the foreigners, and published after a severe and close examination by official censors, prove conclusively:

1. That the Shizoku, former Samurai, consider themselves and really compose the governing class.
2. That the people, whatever their occupation, must and do submit to them.
3. That this governing class heartily despises merchants, because "they work in their own interests only."

In considering the Japanese view of the benefits conferred by us, it is there-

²Ibid; p. 338.

³Ibid; pp. 340-341.



Little Mother

⁴History of the Empire of Japan. By Order of the Department of Education, Tokyo, 1893, pp. 17-18.



Japanese Infantry



Japanese Vessels

fore only necessary to inquire into the opinion of the Shizoku. The members of this class, it cannot be gain-said, richly deserve the esteem in which they are held by the people, and the confidence placed in them. As a rule, they despise wealth and the luxury it brings. Ito Hirobumi, Marquis and Special Envoy of Japan, occupies the state apartments in the Waldorf and travels with all the refinement money can procure. But this same Ito Hirobumi, Marquis and ex-Prime Minister of Japan returns home; he discards the

garb he has worn while abroad, dons Kimono⁵, hakama,⁶ and haori,⁷ sleeps contentedly on the tatami,⁸ wrapped in his futon,⁹ and returns with good appetite to his simple diet of rice, vegetables and fish. For him and for the members of his class our luxurious mode of living has not the least charm; in fact, they most heartily despise us for our effeminacy, while carefully avoid-

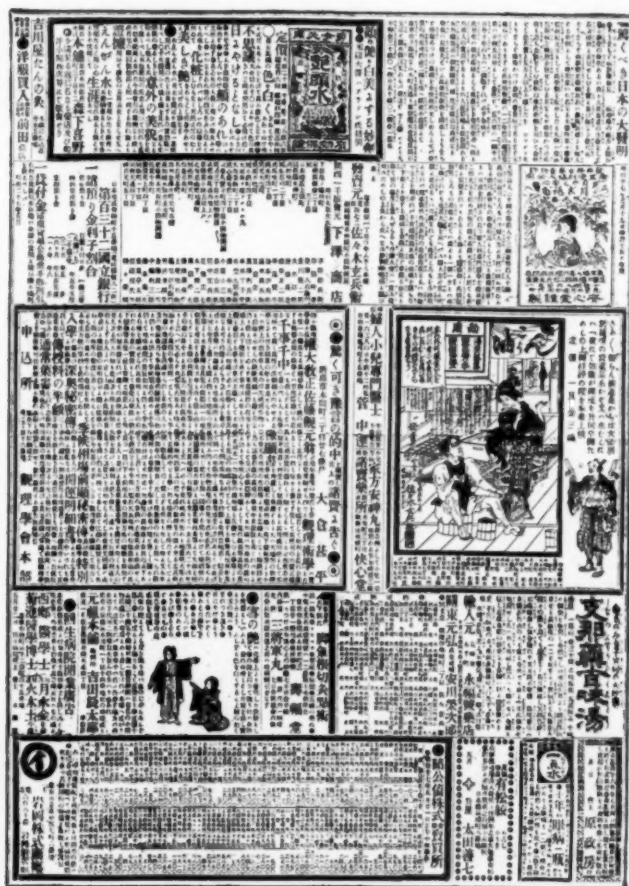
⁵Native gown.

⁶Bi-furcated petticoat only worn by gentry and nobles.

⁷Mantlet, mostly of silk crepe.

⁸Thick mats covering the floor.

⁹Comforter.





Japanese Bed

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ing giving offence when among us. And in the contempt of what we consider the aim of our life, the attainment of wealth, they look with intense disfavor upon our lack of what they call manners, viz., of that ceremonious etiquette which they hold as respect due to their rank and not to be lost sight of under any circumstances, or for even a brief method. To them it is nothing that the intercourse with foreign nations has brought wealth to Japan. Intensely patriotic as they are, they have a strong notion that the people were as well off with less wealth, such as they were before Perry's advent. But it was much to them that, for a

time, at least, their influence, nay, their very existence as a class was at stake and that the temporary decadence and loss of position between 1870 and 1878 was due to the presence of the foreigner. Excessively proud of their supposed descent from Kami¹⁰ it was a severe wound to their conceit when they discovered that, in order to regain the influence which they consider their due, they must learn from these despised and hated foreigners. Suppressing their contempt and hatred, they set to work with a will and purpose of which none but the most indomitable among us can form an idea. Such an effort must be crowned with

¹⁰Gods.



Japanese Postage Stamps



Japanese Military Manoeuvr



Japanese Ships of War

success. America and Europe vie with each other as to who shall receive the greatest number of Japanese students, and few of the readers of this magazine, who cannot remember one of those courteous little Japs, not fooling away his time with his classmates, but always steadily keeping in view the sole purpose of his temporary exile: the acquisition of knowledge. And do they thank us, or do they feel the slightest obligation toward us for our hospitality? Ask one of them, after he has returned to the sacred soil of Dai Nippon. A look of astonishment may appear on his usually expression-

vicissitudes of the world about him."¹¹ And this is said in confirmation of the statement made before: "From the time that Amaterasu-Omikami¹² made Ninigi-no-mikoto¹³ descend from the heavens and subject to his administrative sway Okuninushi-no-mikoto¹⁴ and the other offspring of the deities in the land, descendants of the divine beings, have set upon the throne generation after generation in succession."¹⁵ That those who hold dear the belief in this ne plus ultra of right divine, and who firmly adhere to the necessity of class distinction, can have love or regard for institutions declaring and



Picking Mulberry Leaves



Sorting Silk Worms



Picking Silk Worms

less features, but he will answer: "I paid your own price. Where does the obligation come in?"

These Shizoku have studied our history and that of our institutions, and how can they, with their belief in class distinction, have any sympathy or even respect for them. In the year of Our Lord 1893, writing for the benefit of our race, they fiercely and repeatedly assert, not their belief in the divine origin of their Emperor, but the fact of his being a lineal descendant of the sun-goddess. "Descended in a direct line from the heavenly deities, the Emperor has stood unshaken in his high place through all generations, his prestige and dignity immutable from time immemorial and independent of all the

maintaining the equality of man, is a hypothesis whose absurdity must be plain to all.

It must also be admitted that our system of sending representatives abroad, as well as the open declaration of the Monroe doctrine, does not tend to impress the Japanese with any idea of our greatness, nor of the magnitude of our resources. A Japanese Shizoku cannot understand that any one can be found willing to serve his country "for what there is in it." They exact the respect due to their rank; they demand abject humility, and the people gladly

¹¹Hist. Emp. of Japan, quoted above; p. 18.

¹²Sun-goddess.

¹³August Ninigi, son of the sun-goddess, Mikoto-August.

¹⁴Nephew of the sun-goddess.

¹⁵Hist. Emp. of Japan; p. 17.

admit the former and ungrudgingly bestow the latter. Why? Because they know that public affairs are administered economically, and that the very meaning of the word "peculation" is unknown. I know of not one Japanese statesman upon whose official integrity even a shadow of a doubt could be cast. As a rule, our representatives abroad are not satisfied with the honor and glory attached to the rank and trust placed in them; many of them inquire as to the salary and perquisites connected with the position, and carry this spirit even in the transactions with the officials of the country to which they are accredited. This fact, as well known to the Japanese Shizoku as to the average American, can not be said to increase the admiration in which we are held.

As to the Monroe doctrine, and especially that side of it which refers to non-intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, it is very apt to lead a fiery, self-confident people like the Japanese to suppose that they can insult America and Americans with perfect impunity. The government of the Hawaiian Republic recently refused admittance to some three hundred Japanese coolies, and the government despatched the *Naniwa*, a fast cruiser, to Honolulu, to inquire into the matter and, if any injustice had been done to a Japanese subject, to obtain redress.



The native press, exclusively in the hands of the Shizoku, immediately began to discuss the affair, and the remarks of the leading papers are exceedingly interesting, especially where they touch upon a possible conflict with the United States. They show clearly how the public has been humbugged into the belief of our popularity in Japan. Here is a specimen of the respect which we inspire to the



Plowing Rice Ground

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Embarking of Troops

Japanese, in an extract from the Nippon, one of the leading Tokyo dailies:¹⁶ "It is supposed that the United States might assist her (Hawaii). That does not affect the rights or wrongs of the question, and should not influence Japan's conduct in the least. Besides,

¹⁶Japan Mail, April 20, 1897.

America is not in a position to assist Hawaii even if she had the desire to do so. She has talked much of aiding the Cuban insurgents, but the talk has ended in talk. Even for the protection of her own coasts, her naval and military forces are insufficient, and her national policy of non-interference out-



Japanese Military Camp

side her own borders has never varied. During the Chinese war, her people used to say, half in joke but half in earnest, that if Japan appeared at the Golden Gate her invasion could not be checked by any American force then available, and that she might easily become mistress of all the regions west of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. She is not going out of her way to assist a little island in the far Pacific. But these are eventualities scarcely of a serious character. The main point for Japanese diplomats to remember is that the problem now before them is not a mere affair of emigration, or of the rights of one or two trading companies. It is the problem of determining whether Japanese subjects shall be placed on the same level and treated in the same manner as white men."

This extract fairly reflects Japanese opinion as to the power, wealth, and influence of the Great Republic. We may pity their ignorance or contemptuously shrug our shoulders, but this does not alter the fact, and it is a fact which is exceedingly unpleasant for Americans who are compelled to live in Japan. Our diplomatic rule of smoothing things over, instead of firmly demanding and insisting upon our rights, is always taken advantage of by the Japanese authorities, who are well



Japanese Fisherwoman

aware that they can act with impunity, and if an American citizen insists upon his rights, the only way to secure them is to invoke the aid of the British authorities, who, to their praise be it said, remember that blood is thicker than water, and are always ready to render assistance, as the following incident will show:

Two years ago, a member of Congress of one of the Western States arrived in Kobe from another Japanese port, where he had purchased several tortoise-shell curios. The custom-house officers insisted upon his paying duty on these articles—a demand entirely unwarranted—and our M. C. declined and interviewed the acting U. S. Consul. This dignitary advised him to pay the small amount, arguing that the matter was "too trivial to make a fuss about." But the tourist did not see it in that light, and insisted upon his rights, whereupon the acting Consul coolly told



Japanese Fisherwomen



City of Tokyo

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him that in that case he would do better to apply to the British Consul. The M. C. acted upon this advice, and found no difficulty in interesting Mr. Enslie, who said with a smile: "Your case is not exceptional and shall be attended to at once. Many of your countrymen, while they scorn and sneer at us in your home papers, are glad to avail themselves of our services when abroad, and we are always pleased to assist you." The goods passed through the custom-house without any further demand for duty. It is this impunity, real and not fancied, that makes the Japanese so bold.

It is a well-established fact that we are the best, if not the only, customers of Japanese tea, and the principal purchasers of their silks. And yet the Diet, in its last session, passed a bill offering a bounty to native exporters of those commodities. This bill, now a law, is a direct blow aimed at American purchasers in Japan. The fact that its purpose is frustrated by the innate and apparently incurable lack of integrity in Japanese merchants is no palliation to the spirit that conceived and executed this hostile measure.

In the meanwhile we continue to render ourselves the objects of ridicule



Scholar



Japanese Juggler

*Stilts*

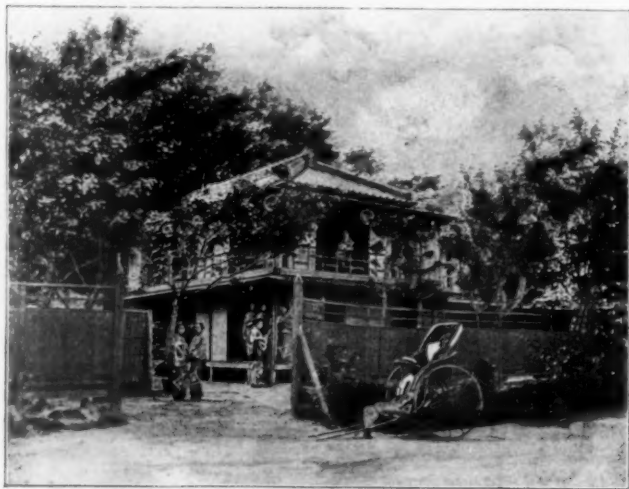
in Japanese eyes by continuing the policy of patting that people on the back. Japanese youths continue to arrive and share our institutions of learning. There is not a word to be said against a policy that offers educational facilities to all, regardless of nationality, religion, or race. But they enter our factories and workshops, and when they have mastered the secrets return to their native shores and found factories to compete with our own. All honor and praise to those little Japs who will contentedly bear exile, and dissimulate the in-born contempt in which they hold us, that they may contribute to the prosperity of their beloved Dai Nippon. But what must be said of our manufacturers, who, while zealously guarding the secrets of their inventions from their competitors by patents, expose these results of their ingenuity to spies whom no sense of honor or gratitude will deter from using them to their own advantage. There is no reciprocity to be had from a Japanese. Let any American, even though armed with letters of introduction from the Secretary of State, or even from the Chief Executive himself, proceed to Japan and attempt to discover the secrets of their lacquer, or any other industry peculiar to Japan. He will uniformly meet with a decided if courteous "dekimasen," it can't be

*Silk Spinner**Japanese Noblewoman, Child and Attendants**Woman Embroidering*

done. No, the Japanese are only and perfectly willing to profit by our good nature, which, in their eyes, is nothing but stupendous folly.

It will be well for American self-respect, and also for our commercial interests in the Far East, if the public will realize that our supposed popularity in Japan is an illusion, a chimera. We may find a remedy for the contempt with which these people presume to regard us and our institutions, as soon as we realize and acknowledge the fact that they do hold us in contempt. The destruction of an illusion, so flattering to our self-esteem, may be

disagreeable and distasteful, but the hard common sense of our people will find ways and means to inspire as much respect as we are properly entitled to. Illusions must vanish, and we must at some time learn to see us as other people see us, and then a nation, upon whom favor upon favor has been showered until it demands as a right what was extended to it more as a helping-hand than as an international courtesy, may learn that its people are not the exclusive descendants of the gods, and that the earth and the fulness thereof was not created for the benefit of the Japanese alone.



Japanese Home

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"The snow-capped summit of the Rockies"

Electric Peak, Yellowstone Park



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



"Look how the upland plunges into cover,
Green where the pines fade sullenly away.
Wonderful those olive depths!"

Bret Harte.

To wander with the denizens of Poker Flat over the storm-beaten Sierras, to sit with the owner in his hut at Roaring Camp, to walk 'mid the scene of Western song and story, is like an introduction to that wonderland of nature that stretches for miles and miles in all the sublimity of virgin nature through the northwestern corner of Wyoming, just taking in a border of two adjacent States, as if to guard against the vanity of one as sole possessor of so great a treasure.

The Alps, the Apennines, the snowy peaks of the Alaskan Heights, with their accompanying stretches of glacier and valley, are as sister scenes to the glories of Yellowstone Park. What in those other lands we see spread through various States we have here condensed into one tract, some 3,500 square miles in extent, forming a little corner of one of the States of this great Union.

It is quite impossible for the Eastern resident to have any conception of the



"Picturesque
Cowboys"

"Branding
their
Heifers"





grandeur and beauty of the National Park. There are, indeed, beautiful lakes, rugged mountains, wild stretches of forest in the East, but not all together, so that one may journey

he can picture to himself what the result would be if he could transport a great snow-capped mountain to the centre of a superb cañon and surround it with swift flowing streams, cascades



Their Ranch Home

from one to the other and see marvel after marvel on the way. To the inhabitant of the far Western States the beauty of the spot is in some degree conceivable, for he has already seen the great Yosemite Valley, the Garden of the Gods, the wonders of Shasta, and

and geysers, and miles and miles of virgin forest.

Such in fact is the Yellowstone Park. If any one pictures to himself such an area as Central Park, Belle Isle, Lincoln Park, or other municipal pleasure grounds, he will be vastly surprised at



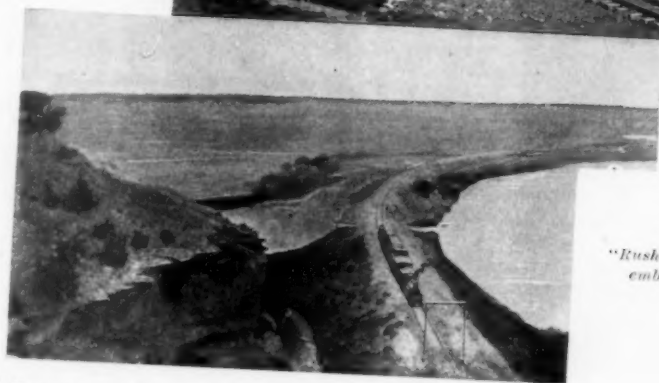
"Out in the Open"



"Herding them together"



"Crossing a three span bridge"

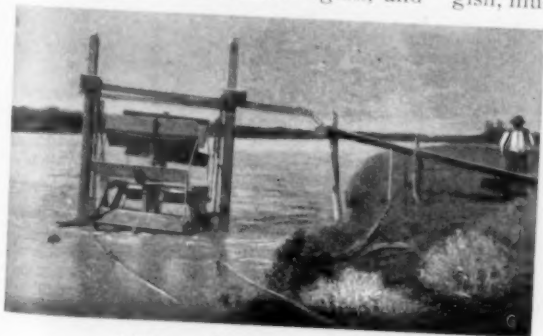


"Rushing along an embankment"

the Yellowstone. Here there is no expanse of velvety lawn, lakes fed by artesian wells, statues, fountains, rustic seats and the like. All is nature, as primeval as any degree of comfort in travel will permit. How it came to be reserved for the benefit of the nation it hard to say, for although many individuals travelled over the district it was not until 1870 that the Government sent an exploring party to discover more about the unknown region, and

two years later the site was set apart by the State for a national park. A little strip of Montana to the north and of Idaho to the west is comprised in the park, the main part of which lies in Wyoming.

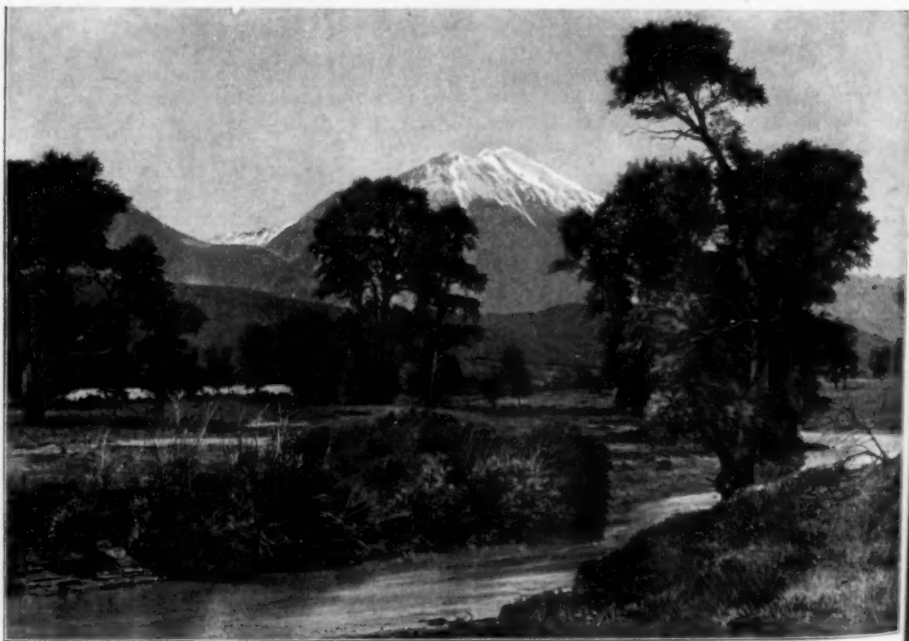
The entire journey thither is like a preparation for the wonders in reserve. In a westerly direction from St. Paul the train goes rushing along, crossing a million-dollar bridge over the sluggish, muddy stream that is dignified by the name Missouri River, and entering the broad prairies, where a narrow strip of timber does duty for a forest, and where limestone bluffs overhang the valleys. As one proceeds the tone of people and scenery becomes more and more Western. Picturesque cowboys and cattlemen appear at the stations, wearing beautiful "chappareros" or trousers of stamped leather, broad



"A clumsy looking irrigating wheel"

brimmed felt hats encircled by a band of leather, or a twisted silken cord, high, French-heeled, boots and a colored handkerchief knotted around the throat. They ride "cayuse" ponies, and carry their lariats at the pommel of the saddle. Sometimes these worthies are seen in the plains "rounding up" their cattle, riding like mad, heading off a steer here or running one in there, again in the corral branding their heifers or lounging around the garden surrounding the ranch house buildings. By way of variety, a group of Indian tepees will, perhaps, be passed, with real savages hanging around the doors, or a detachment of troops on special duty. Racing over a three-span bridge the train will enter upon a narrow embankment along the side of a stream where a clumsy looking water-wheel pumps up the water into a trough from which it passes into narrow ditches, feeding the parched land which would otherwise be unfit for any other crop than prickly pear or cactus. Just before reaching Montana, the

train passes through the bad lands, a most extraordinary section. They seem to be the result of some convulsion of nature, the burning out of veins of coal, the washing out of a great lake or other geological occurrence. For some fifteen miles the surface of the country is broken up into every conceivable shape. Here are great mounds over a hundred feet in height, with rounded tops and steep sides marked by bands of color—bright red, black or brown; then a ravine of petrified tree trunks, then a mass of towers and pinnacles of every possible shape and color, some resembling pulpits, others mushrooms. In the distance can sometimes be seen smouldering fires in the veins of coal, making it unsafe to walk in the neighborhood. Just beyond this extraordinary bit of country is the boundary of Montana, and for a long distance the road follows the valley of the Yellowstone, a clear and beautiful stream, as rapid in its course as a mill race, and so full of whirlpools as to be extremely difficult of navigation. Here the snow



Emigrant Peak, near Yellowstone



"Petrified Tree Trunks"

capped summits of the Rockies begin to come into view, and the eye rests in turn upon the summits of the Crazy Mountains, the Quadrant, Electric Peak, with its extraordinary phenomena; Bell Peak and the Absaroka

Ridge at the boundary of Paradise Valley, in passing through the gate of the mountains into the enchanted region in the immediate vicinity of the park.

Just at the entrance of the park is the dwelling of the superintendent. He is an army officer, and he has a detachment of soldiers ever at his command to prevent vandalism and spoliation, and to do duty as police. He has also a small army of workmen under his orders, and the government appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars a year is all too small for the maintenance of this park, with the necessity of constructing as well as of repairing and exploring as well as of exhibiting the hidden recesses of this still only

partially discovered country.

The country on outskirts of the park is a wild, almost treeless waste of low hills, covered with pale green sage bushes, among which the "cottontail" rabbits

hide, and the gophers or "whang-doodles" scurry in and out. A drive of a couple of hours brings the traveller to the Mammoth Hot Springs, which a very little imagination can people with demons, so like is it to a piece extracted from the infernal regions direct. The ascent of the springs is very tedious, and a pause is welcome at Minerva Terrace. This appears at a glance a succession of small

cascades, but it is really a soda formation of glistening white, showing prismatic colors as the sun falls upon it. The terrace covers nearly an acre, and the water being a vivid blue, the effect is exquisite. There are numbers of boiling springs in this area, the largest being that of Jupiter Terrace, nearly a





Rocks near Golden Gate

hundred feet in diameter, and the colors vary from the palest pink to the darkest rose color. There are also several caves, among them Cupid's Grotto. The air is decidedly sulphurous, but not disagreeable nor suffocating.

A morning's drive in one of the comfortable park stages brings one to the Norris Geyser Basin, a tract of blasted land, honey-combed with geysers and boiling springs. In one spot is an opening as black as ink, from which escapes a volume of steam, roaring like a dozen huge steamboats at once and fairly shaking the solid rock; it is called the Black Growler. A short distance from this is a "mud pot," about twenty feet across, bubbling so furiously that every now and again a

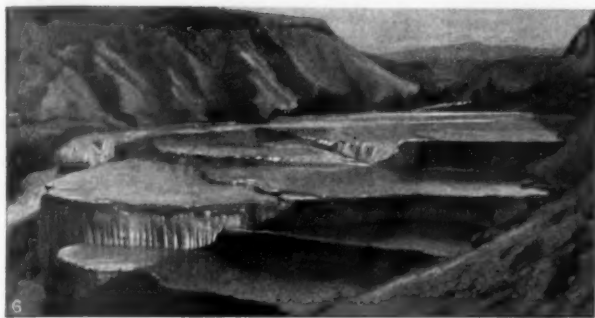
stream of the pale drab mud will be thrown two or three feet into the air, flickering and twisting like tongues of flame. This entire valley seems ready to burst out in active eruption at any minute. It is literally covered with holes, large and small, in which water of all colors, black, white, yellow and green, grumbles and roars in every possible key. As recently as 1875 there was no large vent here

for the steam, but in 1878 two magnificent geysers were in full swing. Some of the pools are exquisitely beautiful, one especially—the Emerald—seeming a piece of that stone dropped into a white setting and broken across by a beautiful coral formation. The pool, while clear as crystal, is boiling hot.

Not far from here are the Obsidian



Golden Gate



"A soda formation of glistening white"



Minerva Terrace

Cliffs. Obsidian is a species of lava, and when the dirt is removed it is exactly like dark green glass. The cliff is two hundred and fifty feet in height, and is in pentagonal columns more or less irregular in form. It is the only formation of the kind in the world.

Leaving the Norris Basin the dark defile of Gibbon Cañon is speedily approached, and the road winds through the chasm where there is scarcely room for it between rushing river and the cliffs that tower perpendicularly some two thousand feet above. Not very far up the cañon are the Gibbon Falls. The river glides gently over a rocky shell and falls in a plunge of fully eighty feet. A rock divides the fall, and one portion boils along like a torrent, while the other forms a delicate

lace-like veil changing with every breath of wind that touches it.

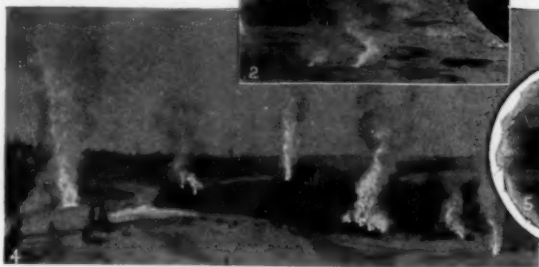
Passing onward the road dips downward into the valley of the Firehole River. It follows the stream for some distance, and, by diverging slightly, the Fountain Geyser may be seen. This

"goes off" every twenty-four hours and throws a mass of water some fifty-feet into the air. Near this is the Jet and beyond is the Mud Caldron, which makes a thick, sickening noise as the bubbles form and break and reminds one of the "shivering sands" described by Wilkie Collins in the "Moonstone." The Thud Springs are of a peculiar dark green color, and as the steam escapes from them the earth shakes and throbs with a muffled "thud-thud," from which sound the springs take their name.

A few miles distant are the Mammoth Paint Pots, where superheated



The Castle, "a mass of pinnacles and turrets"



Honeycombed with Geysers and Boiling Springs



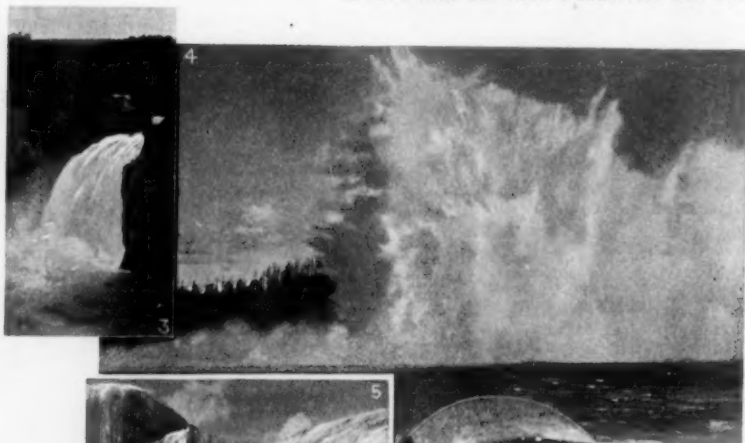
Resembles a Beehive



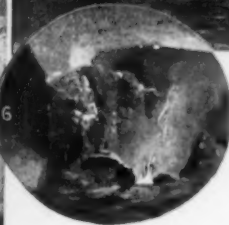
"Hurling itself over a precipice 300 feet high"

clay in the most delicate shades of pink, green and white bubble and boil at a great rate, and beyond these again is a hidden basin where nature is seen in her most capricious moods. At the entrance is the White Dome, some twenty-five feet high and a hundred feet around at the base, from which the water is thrown upward every few minutes. This spot is on the way to the Upper Geyser basin, and leaving it the road runs past Hell's Half Acre; opposite, across the Firehole River, is the Excelsior, the largest geyser in the world. In a pit like a huge cellar, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter and fifteen to twenty feet deep, is a mass of water hissing and seething, while a gigantic column of steam almost conceals the mad antics of the water below. On one side the rock has been torn away and a stream of boiling water rushes through it into the river, while the remaining banks that overhang the pools seem tottering to their fall. Eruptions are so rare that only two are authentically chronicled, but it is said that on such occasions the col-

"Drops with an impetuous sweep"



Cupid's Cave



Giant Geyser Cone

The largest Geyser in the world

umn of water is sixty feet in diameter and is thrown to a height of three hundred feet.

Adjoining this geyser is the Grand Prismatic Spring, one of the most beautiful features of this plateau. Its dimensions are large—two by three hundred feet—it is hot but placid, and the play of colors is indescribable. The centre is of the darkest blue and shades off at the edges to the palest green. Close to the shore the water becomes orange, then yellow, red, brown and yellow again. The variety of color is undoubtedly due to the rockbed underneath, and the divisions are very distinct. Quite near this is the Turquoise, which deserves its name, and which would be very remarkable if not in such close proximity to the more brilliant Prismatic.

From here on the road is very beautiful, and as it approaches the Upper Geyser Basin columns of steam and smoke are seen on all sides, suggesting the appropriateness of the name Firehole for the valley and river. The Upper Geyser Basin is a valley some five miles square. The springs and geysers to the number of more than four hundred and forty are all contained in a space three miles long and one wide. The surface is flat, save for the mounds built up by the action of the springs, and these are numerous. The Grotto is one of the prettiest of the geysers, because its eruption is from a number of orifices. The Young Faithful and the Giant must be passed before reaching Old Faithful, which owes its name to its regular action. Its eruption is something to remember for a lifetime. A gentle ascent arranged by nature in little steps is capped by an irregular mass of rock, in the centre of which is a hole the size of a hog's head. The rock is rough and of a whitish gray, with little streams of rainbow hues meandering quietly over it. As the time of the display approaches the crater become filled with water, boiling, tossing, churning itself into foam; this sinks away and with a rumble a spout of water is thrown up some two or three feet, an-



Great Falls

"Over a precipice thrice the height of Niagara"



Crater of the Oblong Geyser



Mushroom Rock

*Giant Geyser*

other lull and another, the water spouting higher each time, till, after three or four attempts, the entire mass in the crater shoots bodily up and up in jet after jet till a solid column a hundred and thirty feet high hangs waving in the air, then falls with a roar like thunder and with a final gentle gurgle disappears into the earth again, leaving the rock perfectly dry, but intensely hot. It is useless to go into details of the eruptions of the other geysers of this region. One is the same as another, save in volume and shape. The Castle is a mass of pinnacles and tur-

rets, from various parts of which the water escapes; the Beehive resembles a beehive; the Giant Geyser owes its name to its size, and so on through the entire list. The visitor with time to spare should spend at least twenty-four

*Old Faithful*

"A solid column 130 feet high"

hours in the Upper Basin, so as to see some of the finest make their display.

It is also a matter of time to visit the Yellowstone Lake, a trip regret-



*Grand Cañon,
Yellowstone*

*"Roars and
rushes along"*

fully abandoned by the writer. In this wonderful lake one may catch the most delicious trout, and by simply turning around find a boiling spring in which to cook the still living fish.

Turning again to the Firehole River, one wheels around eastward just before reaching it and following the East Branch emerges into a grassy prairie through which the Yellowstone has cut its cañon. The road is very steep, although zig-zagged so as to render it as easy as possible. The view from it

is superb, the entire valley lying spread out below, while the snowy peaks of the Rockies close in the horizon on every side. Reaching the summit of the Divide the road passes through a succession of "parks" or small prairies bordered with woodland. Passing the road to Yellowstone Lake, Sage Creek is soon reached, and then the Sulphur Mountains, and finally the Yellowstone River itself. At its upper portion it is broad and quiet, but flows so swiftly that every attempt to ford it



The White Pyramid, Upper Geyser Basin



Eagle Rock and Gardiner River

is followed by loss of life. From here the road winds up the slope at an angle of forty-five degrees, over pole bridges and along rude embankments. The ride is sufficiently trying to the nerves. For instance, at one point the road is but a yard from the edge of a precipice a thousand feet deep, with not even a railing betwixt the two. Continuing along one reaches Point Lookout, from which there is a view of the Grand Cañon, one of the most thrilling sights in the world. As this point is approached the cliffs increase in height and hem in the river more and more closely, till the water roars and rushes along—like the Niagara rapids above Goat Island—through a chasm less than eighty feet wide, with walls like the Hudson River Palisades piled thrice and four times one upon the other, and finally drops with an impetuous sweep over a descent one hun-

dred and twelve feet in height. But this leap only maddens it the more, and, like a breathing, sentient being, it dashes along for another half mile, then hurls itself over a precipice three hundred feet high—twice the height of Niagara—and hides itself in a tower of spray, rising almost as high as the fall itself.

Yet the fall, grand as it is, forms but an incident in the magnificent scene presented by the cañon. The perpendicular walls are not simply naked stone, they show the most vivid and variegated hues. Here is a pale pink, next to it a tender brown, while facing it is a gorgeous purple promontory. Strata of red, blue and yellow are intermingled, abruptly arrested, then reappear again a little changed. Rocks like Gothic pinnacles stand out from the mountain side, stupendous viewed alone, but dwarfed by their position

till they seem small minarets. Craggs and peaks, columns, mounds, gullies and jutting points vary the landscape with their many shapes and colors, while below flows the ever-changing river and above the eagle circles in his monotonous flight. The silence, the vastness are something indescribable and at every sound one trembles as at a message from another world. It is useless to attempt description; language fails. The greatness of nature, the beauty of creation, the immeasurable grandeur of God's handiwork speak for themselves, and leave man reverently silent.

M. C. Schuyler.



Around a Curve



Elk in Winter





A STRAYED ALLEGIANCE.

"Will you go to the Cove with me this afternoon?"

It was Marian Lesley who asked the question. Esterbrook Elliott unpinned with a masterful touch the delicate cluster of Noisette rosebuds she wore at her throat and transferred them to his buttonhole as he answered courteously:

"Certainly. My time, as you know, is entirely at your disposal."

They were standing in the garden under the creamy bloom of drooping acacia trees. One long plume of blossoms touched lightly the soft, golden-brown coils of the girl's hair and cast a wavering shadow over the beautiful, flower-like face beneath it.

Esterbrook Elliott, standing before her, thought proudly that he had never seen a woman who might compare with her. In every detail she satisfied his critical, fastidious taste. There was not a discordant touch about her.

Esterbrook Elliott had always loved Marian Lesley—or thought he had. They had grown up together from childhood. He was an only son and she an only daughter. It had always been an understood thing between the two families that the boy and girl should marry. But Marian's father had decreed that no positive pledge should pass between them until Marian was twenty-one.

Esterbrook accepted his mapped-out destiny and selected bride with the conviction that he was an exceptionally lucky fellow. Out of all the women in the world Marian was the very one whom he would have chosen as mistress of his fine, old home. She had been his boyhood's ideal. He believed that he loved her sincerely, but he was not too much in love to be blind to the worldly advantages of his marriage with his cousin.

His father had died two years previously, leaving him wealthy and independent. Marian had lost her mother in childhood; her father died when she was eighteen. Since then she had lived alone with her aunt. Her life was quiet and lonely. Esterbrook's companionship was all that brightened it; but it was enough. Marian lavished on him all the rich, womanly love of her heart. On her twenty-first birthday they were formally betrothed. They were to be married in the following autumn.

No shadow had drifted across the heaven of her happiness. She believed herself secure in her lover's unflinching devotion. True, at times, she thought his manner lacked a lover's passionate ardor. He was always attentive and courteous. She had only to utter a wish to find that it had been anticipated; he spent every spare minute at her side.

Yet sometimes she half wished he would betray more lover-like impatience and intensity. Were all lovers as calm and undemonstrative?

She reproached herself for this incipient disloyalty as often as it vexingly intruded its unwelcome presence across her inner consciousness. Surely Esterbrook was fond and devoted enough to satisfy the most exacting demands of affection. Marian herself was somewhat undemonstrative and reserved. Passing acquaintances called her cold and proud. Only the privileged few knew the rich depths of womanly tenderness in her nature.

Esterbrook thought that he fully appreciated her. As he had walked homeward the night of their betrothal he had reviewed with unconscious criticism his mental catalogue of Marian's graces and good qualities, admitting, with supreme satisfaction, that there was not one thing about her that he could wish changed.

This afternoon, under the acacias, they had been planning about their wedding. There was no one to consult but themselves.

They were to be married early in September and then go abroad. Esterbrook mapped out the details of their bridal tour with careful thoughtfulness. They would visit all the old-world places that Marian wished to see. Afterwards they would come back home. He discussed certain changes he wished to make in the old Elliott mansion to fit it for a young and beautiful mistress.

He did most of the planning. Marian was content to listen in happy silence. Afterwards she had proposed this walk to the Cove.

"What particular object of charity have you found at the Cove now?" asked Esterbrook, with lazy interest, as they walked along.

"Mrs. Barrett's little Bessie is very ill with fever," answered Marian. Then, catching his anxious look, she hastened to add, "It is nothing infectious—some kind of a slow, sapping variety. There is no danger, Esterbrook."

"I was not afraid for myself," he replied quietly. "My alarm was for you. You are too precious to me, Marian, for me to permit you to risk health and life, if it were dangerous. What a Lady Bountiful you are to those people at the Cove. When we are married you must take me in hand and teach me your creed of charity. I'm afraid I've lived a rather selfish life. You will change all that, dear. You will make a good man of me."

"You are that now, Esterbrook," she said softly. "If you were not, I could not love you."

"It is a negative sort of goodness, I fear. I have never been tried or tempted severely. Perhaps I should fail under the test."

"I am sure you would not," answered Marian proudly.

Esterbrook laughed; her faith in him was pleasant. He had no thought but that he would prove worthy of it.

The Cove, so-called, was a little fishing hamlet situated on the low, sandy shore of a small bay. The houses, clustered in one spot, seemed like nothing so much as larger shells washed up by the sea, so gray and bleached were they from long exposure to sea winds and spray.

Dozens of ragged children were playing about them, mingled with several disreputable yellow curs, that yapped noisily at the strangers.

Down on the sandy strip of beach below the houses groups of men were lounging about. The mackerel season had not yet set in; the spring her-ring-netting was passed. It was holiday time among the sea-folks. They were enjoying it to the full, a happy, ragged colony, careless of what the morrows might bring forth.

Out beyond the boats were at anchor, floating as gracefully on the twinkling water as sea-birds, their tall masts bowing landward on the swell. A lazy, dreamful calm had fallen over the distant seas; the horizon blues were pale and dim; faint, purple hazes blurred the outlines of far-off headlands and cliffs; the yellow sands

sparkled in the sunshine as if powdered with jewels.

A murmurous babble of life buzzed about the hamlet, pierced through by the shrill undertones of the wrangling children, most of whom had paused in their play to scan the visitors with covert curiosity.

Marian led the way to a house apart from the others at the very edge of the shelving rock. The dooryard was scrupulously clean and unlitteed; the little footpath through it was neatly bordered by white clam shells; several thrifty geraniums in bloom looked out from the muslin-curtained windows.

A weary-faced woman came forward to meet them.

"Bessie's much the same, Miss Lesley," she said, in answer to Marian's inquiry. "The doctor you sent was here to-day and did all he could for her. He seemed quite hopeful. She don't complain or nothing—just lies there and moans. Sometimes she gets restless. It's very kind of you to come so often, Miss Lesley. Here, Magdalen, will you put this basket the lady's brought up there on the shelf?"

A girl, who had been sitting unnoticed, with her back to the visitors, at the head of the child's cot in one corner of the room, stood up and slowly turned around. Marian and Esterbrook Elliott both started with involuntary surprise. Esterbrook caught his breath like a man suddenly awakened from sleep. In the name of all that was wonderful who or what could this girl be, so little in harmony with her surroundings?

Standing in the crepuscular light of the corner her marvellous beauty shone out with the vivid richness of some rare painting. She was tall, and the magnificent proportions of her figure were enhanced rather than marred by the severely plain dress of dark print that she wore. The heavy masses of her hair, a shining auburn dashed with golden foam, were coiled in a rich, glossy knot at the back of the classically-modelled head and rippled back from a low brow whose waxen

fairness even the breezes of the ocean had spared.

The girl's face was a full, perfect oval, with features of faultless regularity and the large, full eyes were of tawny hazel, darkened into inscrutable gloom in the dimness of the corner.

Not even Marian Lesley's face was more delicately tinted, but not a trace of color appeared in the smooth, marble-like cheeks; yet the waxen pallor bore no trace of disease or weakness, and the large, curving mouth was of an intense crimson.

She stood quite motionless. There was no trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness in her pose. When Mrs. Barrett said, "This is my niece, Magdalen Crawford," she merely inclined her head in grave, silent acknowledgment. As she moved forward to take Marian's basket, she seemed oddly out of place in the low, crowded room. Her presence seemed to throw a strange restraint over the group.

Marian rose and went over to the cot, laying her slender hand on the hot forehead of the little sufferer. The child opened its brown eyes questioningly.

"How are you to-day, Bessie?"

"Mad'len — I want Mad'len," moaned the little plaintive voice.

Magdalen came over and stood beside Marian Lesley.

"She wants me," she said, in a low, thrilling voice, free from all harsh accent or intonation. "I am the only one she seems to know always. Yes, darling, Mad'len is here—right beside you. She will not leave you."

She knelt by the little cot and passed her arm under the child's neck, drawing the curly head close to her throat with a tender, soothing motion.

Esterbrook Elliott watched the two women intently—the one standing by the cot, arrayed in simple yet costly apparel, with her beautiful, high-bred face, and the other, kneeling on the bare, sanded floor in her print dress, with her splendid head bent low over the child and the long fringe of bur-

nished lashes sweeping the cold pallor of the oval cheek.

From the moment that Magdalen Crawford's haunting eyes had looked straight into his for one fleeting second, an unnamable thrill of pain and pleasure stirred his heart, a thrill so strong and sudden and passionate that his face paled with emotion; the room seemed to swim before his eyes in a mist out of which gleamed that wonderful face with its mesmeric, darkly-radiant eyes, burning their way into deeps and abysses of his soul hitherto unknown to him.

When the mist cleared away and his head grew steadier he wondered at himself. Yet he trembled in every limb and the only clear idea that struggled out of his confused thoughts was an overmastering desire to take that cold face between his hands and kiss it until its passionless marble glowed into warm and throbbing life.

"Who is that girl?" he said abruptly, when they had left the cottage. "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen—present company always excepted," he concluded, with a depreciatory laugh.

The delicate bloom on Marian's face deepened slightly.

"You had much better to have omitted that last sentence," she said quietly, "it was so palpably an afterthought. Yes, she is wonderfully lovely—a strange beauty I fancied. There seemed something odd and uncanny about it to me. She must be Mrs. Barrett's niece. I remember that when I was down here about a month ago Mrs. Barrett told me she expected a niece of hers to live with her—for a time at least. Her parents were both dead, the father having died recently. Mrs. Barrett seemed troubled about her. She said that the girl had been well brought up and used to better things than the Cove could give her, and she feared that she would be very discontented and unhappy. I had forgotten all about it until I saw the girl to-day. She certainly seems to be a very superior person; she will find the

Cove very lonely, I am sure. It is not probable she will stay there long. I must see what I can do for her; but her manner seemed rather repellant, don't you think?"

"Hardly," responded Esterbrook, curtly; "she seemed surprisingly dignified and self-possessed, I fancied, for a girl in her position. A princess could not have looked and bowed more royally. There was not a shadow of embarrassment in her manner, in spite of the incongruity of her surroundings. You had much better leave her alone, Marian. In all probability she would resent any condescension on your part. What wonderful, deep, lovely eyes she has." Again the sensitive color flushed Marian's cheek, as his voice lapsed unconsciously into a dreamy, retrospective tone, and a slight restraint came over her manner, which did not depart. Esterbrook went away at sunset. Marian asked him to remain for the evening, but he pleaded some excuse.

"I shall come to-morrow afternoon," he said, as he stooped to drop a careless, good-by kiss on her face.

Marian watched him wistfully as he rode away, with an unaccountable pain in her heart. She felt more acutely than ever that there were depths in her lover's nature that she was powerless to stir into responsive life.

Had any other that power? She thought of the girl at the Cove, with her deep eyes and wonderful face. A chill of premonitory fear seized upon her.

"I feel exactly as if Esterbrook had gone away from me forever," she said slowly to herself, stooping to brush her cheek against a dew-cold, milk-white acacia bloom, "and would never come back to me again. If that could happen, I wonder what there would be left to live for?"

Esterbrook Elliott meant, or honestly thought he meant, to go home when he left Marian. Nevertheless when he reached the road branching off to the Cove he turned his horse down it with a flush on his dark cheek.

He realized that the motive of the action was disloyal to Marian and he felt ashamed of his weakness.

But the desire to see Magdalen Crawford once more and to look into the depths of her eyes was stronger than all else, and overpowered every throb of duty and resistance.

He saw nothing of her when he reached the Cove. He could think of no excuse for calling at the Barrett cottage, so he rode slowly past the hamlet and along the shore.

The sun, red as a smouldering ember, was half buried in the silken violet rim of the sea; the west was a vast lake of saffron and rose an ethereal green, through which floated the curved shallop of a thin, new moon, slowly deepening from lustreless white, through gleaming silver, into burnished gold, and attended by one solitary, pearl-white star. The vast concave of sky above was of violet, infinite and flawless. Far out dusky amethystine islets clustered like gems on the shining breast of the bay. The little pools of water along the low shores glowed like mirrors of polished jacinth. The small, pine-fringed headlands ran out into the water, cutting its lustrous blue expanse like purple wedges.

As Esterbrook turned one of them he saw Magdalen standing out on the point of the next, a short distance away. Her back was towards him, and her splendid figure was outlined darkly against the vivid sky.

Esterbrook sprang from his horse and left the animal standing by itself while he walked swiftly out to her. His heart throbbed suffocatingly. He was conscious of no direct purpose save merely to see her.

She turned when he reached her with a slight start of surprise. His footsteps had made no sound on the tide-rippled sand.

For a few moments they faced each other so, eyes burning into eyes with mute soul-probing and questioning. The sun had disappeared, leaving a stain of fiery red to mark his grave; the weird, radiant light was startlingly

vivid and clear. Little crisp puffs and flakes of foam scurried over the point like elfin things. The fresh wind, blowing up the bay, tossed the lustrous rings of hair about Magdalen's pale face; all the routed shadows of the hour had found refuge in her eyes.

Not a trace of color appeared in her face under Esterbrook Elliott's burning gaze. But when he said "Magdalen!" a single, hot scorch of crimson flamed up into her cheeks protestingly. She lifted her hand with a splendid gesture but no word passed her lips.

"Magdalen, have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, coming closer to her with an imploring passion in his face never seen by Marian Lesley's eyes. He reached out his hand but she stepped back from his touch.

"What should I have to say to you?"

"Say that you are glad to see me."

"I am not glad to see you. You have no right to come here. But I knew you would come."

"You knew it? How?"

"Your eyes told me so to-day. I am not blind—I can see further than those dull fisher folks. Yes; I knew you would come. That is why I came here to-night—so that you would find me alone and I could tell you that you were not to come again."

"Why must you tell me that, Magdalen?"

"Because, as I have told you, you have no right to come."

"But if I will not obey you? If I will come in defiance of your prohibition?"

She turned her steady luminous eyes on his pale set face.

"You would stamp yourself as a madman, then," she said coldly. "I know that you are Miss Lesley's promised husband. Therefore, you are either false to her or insulting to me. In either case the companionship of Magdalen Crawford is not what you must seek. Go!"

She turned away from him with an imperious gesture of dismissal. Esterbrook Elliott stepped forward and caught one firm, white wrist.

"I shall not obey you," he said, in a low, intense tone; his fine eyes burned into hers. "You may send me away, but I will come back, again and yet again until you have learned to welcome me. Why should you meet me like an enemy? Why can we not be friends?"

The girl faced him once more.

"Because," she said proudly, "I am not your equal. There can be no friendship between us. There ought not to be. Magdalen Crawford, the fisherman's niece, is no companion for you. You will be foolish, as well as disloyal, if you ever try to see me again. Go back to the beautiful, high-bred woman you love and forget me. Perhaps you think I am talking strangely. Perhaps you think me bold and unwomanly to speak so plainly to you, a stranger. But there are some circumstances in life when plain-speaking is best. I do not want to see you again. Now, go back to your own world."

Esterbrook Elliott slowly turned from her and walked in silence back to the shore. In the shadows of the point he stopped to look back at her, standing out like some inspired prophetess, against the fiery background of the sunset sky and silver-blue water. The sky overhead was thick-sown with stars; the night-breeze was blowing up from its lair in distant, echoing sea-caves. On his right the lights of the Cove twinkled out through the dusk.

"I feel like a coward and a traitor," he said slowly. "Good God, what is this madness that has come over me? Is this my boasted strength of manhood?"

A moment later the hoof-beats of his horse died away up the shore.

Magdalen Crawford lingered on the point until the last dull-red faded out into the violet gloom of the June sea-dusk, than which nothing can be rarer or diviner, and listened to the moan and murmur of the sea, far out over the bay, with sorrowful eyes and sternly set lips.

The next day, when the afternoon

sun hung hot and heavy over the water, Esterbrook Elliott came again to the Cove. He found it deserted. A rumor of mackerel had come and every boat had sailed out in the rose-red dawn to the fishing-grounds. But down on a strip of sparkling yellow sand he saw Magdalen Crawford standing, her hand on the rope that fastened a small, white dory to the fragment of a half-embedded wreck.

She was watching a huddle of gulls clustered on the tip of a narrow, sandy spit, running out to the left. She turned at the sound of his hurried foot fall behind her. Her face paled slightly, and into the depths of her eyes leapt a passionate, mesmeric glow that faded as quickly as it came.

"You see I have come back in spite of your command, Magdalen."

"I do see it," she answered in a gravely troubled voice. "You are a madman who refuses to be warned."

"Where are you going, Magdalen?" She had loosened the rope from the wreck.

"I am going to row over to Chapel Point for salt. They think the boats will come in to-night loaded with mackerel—look at them away out there by the score—and salt will be needed."

"Can you row so far alone?"

"Easily. I learned to row long ago—for a pastime then. Since coming here I find it of great service to me."

She stepped lightly into the tiny shallop and picked up an oar. The brilliant sunshine streamed about her, burnishing the rich tints of her hair into ruddy gold. She balanced herself to the swaying of the dory with the grace of a sea-bird. The man looking at her felt his brain reel.

"Good-by, Mr. Elliott."

For answer he sprang into the dory and snatching an oar pushed against the old wreck with such energy that the dory shot out from the shore like a foam-bell. His sudden spring had set it rocking violently. Magdalen almost lost her footing and caught blindly at his arm. As her fingers

closed on his wrist a thrill as of fire shot through his every vein.

"Why have you done this, Mr. Elliott? You must go back."

"But I will not," he said masterfully, looking straight into her eyes with an imperiousness that sat well upon him. "I am going to row you over to Chapel Point. I have the oars—I will be master this once, at least."

For an instant her eyes flashed defiant protest, then drooped before his. A sudden, hot blush crimsoned her pale face. His will had mastered hers; the girl trembled from head to foot, and the proud, sensitive mouth quivered.

Into the face of the man watching her breathlessly flashed a triumphant, passionate joy. He put out his hand and gently pushed her down into the seat. Sitting opposite, he took up the oars and pulled out over the sheet of sparkling blue water, through which at first the bottom of white sand glimmered wavily but afterwards deepened to translucent, dim depths of greenness.

His heart throbbed tumultuously. Once the thought of Marian drifted across his mind like a chill breath of wind, but it was forgotten when his eyes met Magdalen's.

"Tell me about yourself, Magdalen," he said at last, breaking the tremulous, charmed, sparkling silence.

"There is nothing to tell," she answered with characteristic straightforwardness. "My life has been a very uneventful one. I have never been rich, or very well educated, but—it used to be different from now. I had some chances before—before father died."

"You must have found it very lonely and strange when you came here first."

"Yes. At first I thought I should die—but I do not mind it now. I have made friends with the sea; it has taught me a great deal. There is a kind of inspiration in the sea. When one listens to its never-ceasing murmur afar out there, always sounding at midnight and mid-day, one's soul goes out to

meet Eternity. Sometimes it gives me so much pleasure that it is almost pain."

She stopped abruptly.

"I don't know why I am talking to you like this."

"You are a strange girl, Magdalen. Have you no other companion than the sea?"

"No. Why should I wish to have? I shall not be here long."

Elliott's face contracted with a spasm of pain.

"You are not going away, Magdalen?"

"Yes—in the fall. I have my own living to earn, you know. I am very poor. Uncle and aunt are very kind, but I cannot consent to burden them any longer than I can help."

A sigh that was almost a moan broke from Esterbrook Elliott's lips.

"You must not go away, Magdalen. You must stay here—with me!"

"You forget yourself," she said proudly. "How dare you speak to me so? Have you forgotten Miss Lesley? Or are you a traitor to us both?"

Esterbrook made no answer. He bowed his pale, miserable face before her, self-condemned.

The breast of the bay sparkled with its countless gems like the breast of a fair woman. The shores were purple and amethystine in the distance. Far out bluish, phantom-like sails clustered against the pallid horizon. The dory danced like a feather over the ripples. They were close under the shadow of Chapel Point.

Marian Lesley waited in vain for her lover that afternoon. When he came at last in the odorous dusk of the June night she met him on the acacia-shadowed verandah with cold sweetness. Perhaps some subtle woman-instinct whispered to her where and how he had spent the afternoon, for she offered him no kiss, nor did she ask him why he had failed to come sooner.

His eyes lingered on her, in the dim light, taking in every detail of her sweet womanly refinement and loveliness and with difficulty he choked back

a groan. Again he asked himself what madness had come over him; and again for an answer rose up the vision of Magdalen Crawford's gaze, as he had seen it that day, crimsoning beneath his gaze.

It was late when he left. Marian watched him out of sight, standing under the acacias. She shivered as with a sudden chill. "I feel as I think Vashti must have felt," she murmured aloud, "when, discrowned and unqueened, she crept out of the gates of Shushan to hide her broken heart. I wonder if Esther has already usurped my sceptre. Has that girl at the Cove, with her pale, priestess-like face and mysterious eyes, stolen his heart from me? Perhaps not, for it may never have been mine. I know that Esterbrook Elliott will be true to the letter of his vows to me, no matter what it may cost him. But I want no pallid shadow of the love that belongs to another. The hour of abdication is at hand, I fear. And what will be left for throneless Vashti then?"

Esterbrook Elliott, walking home, through the mocking calm of the night, fought a hard battle with himself.

He was face to face with the truth at last—the bitter knowledge that he had never loved Marian Lesley, save with a fond, brotherly affection, and that he did love Magdalen Crawford with a passion that threatened to sweep before it every vestige of his honor and loyalty.

He had seen her but three times—and his throbbing heart lay in the hollow of her cold, white hand.

He shut his eyes and groaned. What madness. What unutterable folly! He was not free—he was bound to another by every cord of honor and self-respect. And, even were he free, Magdalen Crawford would be no fit wife for him—in the eyes of the world, at least. A girl from the Cove—a girl with little education and no social standing—ay! but he loved her.

He groaned again and again in his misery. Afar down the slope the bay

waters lay like an inky strip and the distant, murmurous plaint of the sea came out of the stillness of the night; the lights at the Cove glimmered faintly.

In the week that followed he went to the Cove every day. Sometimes he did not see Magdalen; at other times he did. But at the end of the week he had conquered in the bitter, heart-crushing struggle with himself. If he had weakly given way to the first mad sweep of a new passion the strength of his manhood reasserted itself at last. Faltering and wavering were over, though there was passionate pain in his voice when he said at last:

"I am not coming back again, Magdalen." They were standing in the shadow of the pine-fringed point that ran out to the left of the Cove. They had been walking together along the shore, watching the splendor of the sea-sunset that flamed and glowed in the west, where there was a sea of mackerel-clouds, crimson and amber-tinted, with long, ribbon-like strips of apple-green sky between. They had walked in silence, hand in hand, as children might have done, yet with the stir and throb of a mighty passion seething in their hearts.

Magdalen turned, as Esterbrook spoke, and looked at him in a long silence. The bay stretched out before them, tranced and shimmering; a few stars shone down through the gloom of dusk. Right across the translucent greens and roses and blues of the west hung a dark, unsightly cloud, like the blurred outline of a monstrous bat. In the dim, reflected light the girl's mournful face took on a weird, unearthly beauty. She turned her eyes from Esterbrook Elliott's set, white face to the radiant gloom of the sea.

"That is best," she answered at last, slowly.

"Best—yes! Better that we had never met! I love you—you know it—words are idle between us. I never loved before—I thought I did. I made a mistake and I must pay the penalty of that mistake. You understand me?"

"I understand," she answered simply.

"I do not excuse myself—I have been weak and cowardly and disloyal. But I have conquered myself—I will be true to the woman to whom I am pledged. You and I must not meet again. I will crush this madness to death. I think I have been delirious ever since that day I saw you first, Magdalen. My brain is clearer now. I see my duty and I mean to do it at any cost. I dare not trust myself to say more. Magdalen, I have much for which to ask your forgiveness."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, steadily. "I have been as much to blame as you. If I had been as resolute as I ought to have been—if I had sent you away the second time as I did the first—this would not have come to pass. I have been weak too, and I deserve to atone for my weakness by suffering. There is only one path open to us. Esterbrook, good-by." Her voice quivered with an uncontrollable spasm of pain, but the misty, mournful eyes did not swerve from his. The man stepped forward and caught her in his arms.

"Magdalen, good-by, my darling. Kiss me once—only once—before I go."

She loosened his arms and stepped back proudly.

"No! No man kisses my lips unless he is to be my husband. Good-by, dear."

He bowed his head silently and went away, looking back not once, else he might have seen her kneeling on the damp sand weeping noiselessly and passionately.

Marian Lesley looked at his pale, determined face the next evening and read it like an open book.

She had grown paler herself; there were purple shadows under the sweet violet eyes that might have hinted of her own sleepless nights.

She greeted him calmly, holding out a steady, white hand of welcome. She saw the traces of the struggle through

which he had passed and knew that he had come off victor.

The knowledge made her task a little harder. It would have been easier to let slip the straining cable than to cast it from her when it lay unresistingly in her hand.

For an instant her heart thrilled with an unutterably sweet hope. Might he not forget in time? Need she snap in twain the weakened bond between them after all? Perhaps she might win back her lost sceptre yet if—

Womanly pride throttled the struggling hope. No divided allegiance, no hollow semblance of queenship for her!

Her opportunity came when Esterbrook asked with grave earnestness if their marriage might not be hastened a little—could he not have his bride in August? For a fleeting second Marian closed her eyes and the slender hands, lying among the laces in her lap, clasped each other convulsively.

Then she said quietly:

"Sometimes I have thought, Esterbrook, that it might be better—if we were never married at all."

Esterbrook turned a startled face upon her.

"Not married at all! Marian, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I do not think we are as well suited to each other after all as we have fancied. We have loved each other as brother and sister might—that is all. I think it will be best to be brother and sister forever—nothing more."

Esterbrook sprang to his feet.

"Marian, do you know what you are saying? You surely cannot have heard—no one could have told you—"

"I have heard nothing," she interrupted hurriedly; "no one has told me anything. I have only said what I have been thinking of late. I am sure we have made a mistake. It is not too late to remedy it. You will not refuse my request, Esterbrook? You will set me free?"

"Good heavens! Marian," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot realize that you

are in earnest. Have you ceased to care for me?" The rigidly locked hands were clasped a little tighter.

"No—I shall always care for you as my friend if you will let me. But I know we could not make each other happy—the time for that has gone by. I would never be satisfied nor would you. Esterbrook, will you release me from a promise which has become an irksome fetter?"

He looked down on her upturned face mistily. A great joy was surging up in his heart—yet it was mingled with great regret.

He knew—none better—what was passing out of his life, what he was losing when he lost that pure, womanly nature.

"If you really mean this, Marian," he said slowly, "if you really have come to feel that your truest love is not and never can be mine—that I cannot make you happy—then there is nothing for me to do but to grant your request. You are free."

"Thank you, dear," she said gently, as she stood up.

She slipped his ring from her finger and held it out to him.

He took it mechanically. He still felt dazed and unreal.

Marian held out her hand.

"Good-night, Esterbrook," she said, a little wearily, "I feel tired. I am glad you see it all in the same light as I do."

"Marian;" he said earnestly, clasping the outstretched hand, "are you sure that you will be happy—are you sure that you are doing a wise thing?"

"Quite sure," she answered, with a

faint smile. "I am not acting rashly. I have thought it all over carefully. Things are much better so, dear. We will always be friends. Your joys and sorrows will be to me as my own. When another love comes to bless your life, Esterbrook, I will be glad. And now, good-night. I want to be alone now."

At the doorway he turned to look back at her, standing in all her sweet stateliness in the twilight duskness, and the keen realization of all he had lost made him bow his head with a quick pang of regret.

Then he went out into the darkness of the summer night.

An hour later he stood alone on the little point where he had parted with Magdalen the night before. A restless night wind was moaning through the pines that fringed the bank behind him; the moon shone down radiantly, turning the calm expanse of the bay into a milk-white sheen.

He took Marian's ring from his pocket and kissed it reverently. Then he threw it from him far out over the water. For a second the diamond flashed in the moonlight; then, with a tiny splash, it fell among the ripples.

Esterbrook turned his face to the Cove, lying dark and silent in the curve between the crescent headlands.

A solitary light glimmered from the low eaves of the Barrett cottage.

"To-morrow," was his unspoken thought, "I will be free to go back to Magdalen."

Maud Cavindish.



TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM

BY T. S. ARTHUR

Founder of this Magazine

NIGHT THE SECOND

THE CHANGES OF A YEAR

Reprinted in compliance with requests from old subscribers

A cordial grasp of the hand and a few words of hearty welcome greeted me as I alighted from the stage at the "Sickle and Sheaf," on my next visit to Cedarville. At the first glance, I saw no change in the countenance, manner, or general bearing of Simon Slade, the landlord. With him, the year seemed to have passed like a pleasant summer day. His face was round, and full, and rosy, and his eyes sparkled with that good-humor which flows from intense self-satisfaction. Everything about him seemed to say—"All right with myself and the world."

I had scarcely expected this. From what I saw during my last brief sojourn at the "Sickle and Sheaf," the inference was natural, that elements had been called into activity, which must produce changes adverse to those pleasant states of mind that threw an almost perpetual sunshine over the landlord's countenance. How many hundreds of times had I thought of Joe Morgan and Willy Hammond—of Frank, and the temptations to which a bar-room exposed him. The heart of Slade must, indeed, be as hard as one of his old mill-stones, if he could remain an unmoved witness of the corruption and degradation of these.

"My fears have outrun the actual

progress of things," said I to myself, with a sense of relief, as I mused alone in the still neatly arranged sitting-room, after the landlord, who sat and chatted for a few minutes, had left me. "There is, I am willing to believe, a basis of good in this man's character, which has led him to remove, as far as possible, the more palpable evils that ever attach themselves to a house of public entertainment. He had but entered on the business last year. There was much to be learned, pondered, and corrected. Experience, I doubt not, has led to many important changes in the manner of conducting the establishment, and especially in what pertains to the bar."

As I thought thus, my eyes glanced through the half-open door, and rested on the face of Simon Slade. He was standing behind his bar—evidently alone in the room—with his head bent in a musing attitude. At first I was in some doubt as to the identity of the singularly changed countenance. Two deep perpendicular seams lay sharply defined on his forehead—the arch of his eyebrows was gone, and from each corner of his compressed lips, lines were seen reaching half-way to the chin. Blending with a slightly troubled expression, was a strongly

marked selfishness, evidently brooding over the consummation of its purpose. For some moments I sat gazing on his face, half doubting at times if it were really that of Simon Slade. Suddenly, a gleam flashed over it—an ejaculation was uttered, and one clenched hand brought down, with a sharp stroke, into the open palm of the other. The landlord's mind had reached a conclusion, and was resolved upon action. There were no warm rays in the gleam of light that irradiated his countenance—at least none for my heart, which felt under them an almost icy coldness.

"Just the man I was thinking about," I heard the landlord say, as some one entered the bar, while his whole manner underwent a sudden change.

"The old saying is true," was answered in a voice, the tones of which were familiar to my ears.

"Thinking of the old Harry?" said Slade.

"Yes."

"True, literally, in the present case," I heard the landlord remark, though in a much lower tone; "for, if you are not the devil himself, you can't be farther removed than a second cousin."

A low, gurgling laugh met this little sally. There was something in it so unlike a human laugh, that it caused my blood to trickle, for a moment, coldly along my veins.

I heard nothing more except the murmur of voices in the bar, for a hand shut the partly opened door that led from the sitting-room.

Whose was that voice? I recalled its tones, and tried to fix in my thought the person to whom it belonged, but was unable to do so. I was not very long in doubt, for on stepping out upon the porch in front of the tavern, the well-remembered face of Harvey Green presented itself. He stood in the bar-room door, and was talking earnestly to Slade, whose back was toward me. I saw that he recognized me, although I had not passed a word with him on the occasion of my former visit; and there was a lighting up of

his countenance as if about to speak—but I withdrew my eyes from his face to avoid the unwelcome greeting. When I looked at him again, I saw that he was regarding me with a sinister glance, which was instantly withdrawn. In what broad, black characters was the word *TEMPTER* written on his face! How was it possible for any one to look thereon, and not read the warning inscription?

Soon after, he withdrew into the bar-room, and the landlord came and took a seat near me on the porch.

"How is the Sickle and Sheaf coming on?" I inquired.

"First-rate," was the answer—"First-rate."

"As well as you expected?"

"Better."

"Satisfied with your experiment?"

"Perfectly. Couldn't get me back to the rumbling old mill again, if you were to make me a present of it."

"What of the mill?" I asked. "How does the new owner come on?"

"About as I thought it would be."

"Not doing very well?"

"How could it be expected, when he didn't know enough of the milling business to grind a bushel of wheat right. He lost half of the custom I transferred to him in less than three months. Then he broke his main shaft, and it took over three weeks to get in a new one. Half of his remaining customers discovered by this time that they could get far better meal from their grain at Harwood's mill near Lynwood, and so did not care to trouble him any more. The upshot of the whole matter is, he broke down next, and had to sell the mill at a heavy loss."

"Who has it now?"

"Judge Hammond is the purchaser."

"He is going to rent it, I suppose?"

"No; I believe he means to turn it into some kind of a factory—and, I rather think, will connect therewith a distillery. This is a fine growing country, as you know. If he does set up a distillery, he'll make a fine thing

of it. Grain has been too low in this section for some years; this all the farmers have felt, and they are very much pleased at the idea. It will help them wonderfully. I always thought my mill a great thing for the farmers; but what I did for them was a mere song compared to the advantage of an extensive distillery."

"Judge Hammond is one of your richest men?"

"Yes—the richest in the county. And what is more, he's a shrewd, far-seeing man, and knows how to multiply his riches."

"How is his son Willy coming on?"

"Oh! first-rate."

The landlord's eyes fell under the searching look I bent upon him.

"How old is he now?"

"Just twenty."

"A critical age," I remarked.

"So people say; but I didn't find it so," answered Slade, a little distantly.

"The impulses within and the temptations without, are the measure of its dangers. At his age, you were, no doubt, daily employed at hard work."

"I was, and no mistake."

"Thousands and hundreds of thousands are indebted to useful work, occupying many hours through each day, and leaving them with wearied bodies at night, for their safe passage from yielding youth to firm, resisting manhood. It might not be with you as it is now, had leisure and freedom to go in and out when you pleased been offered at the age of nineteen."

"I can't tell as to that," said the landlord, shrugging his shoulders. "But I don't see that Willy Hammond is in any especial danger. He is a young man with many admirable qualities—is social—liberal—generous almost to a fault—but has good common sense and wit enough, I take it, to keep out of harm's way."

A man passing the house at the moment, gave Simon Slade an opportunity to break off a conversation that was not, I could see, altogether agreeable. As he left me, I arose and stepped into the bar-room. Frank, the landlord's

son, was behind the bar. He had grown considerably in the year—and from a rather delicate, innocent-looking boy, to a stout, bold lad. His face was rounder, and had a gross, sensual expression, that showed itself particularly about the mouth. The man Green was standing beside the bar talking to him, and I noticed that Frank laughed heartily at some low, half obscene remarks that he was making. In the midst of these, Flora, the sister of Frank, a really beautiful girl, came in to get something from the bar. Green spoke to her familiarly, and Flora answered him with a perceptibly heightening color.

I glanced toward Frank, half expecting to see an indignant flush on his young face. But no—he looked on with a smile! "Ah!" thought I, "have the boy's pure impulses so soon died out in this fatal atmosphere? Can he bear to see those evil eyes—he knows they are evil—rest upon the face of his sister? or to hear those lips, only a moment since polluted with vile words, address her with the familiarity of a friend?"

"Fine girl, that sister of yours, Frank! Fine girl!" said Green, after Flora had withdrawn—speaking of her with about as much respect in his voice as if he were praising a fleet racer or favorite hound.

The boy smiled with a pleased air.

"I must try and find her a good husband, Frank. I wonder if she wouldn't have me?"

"You'd better ask her," said the boy, laughing.

"I would, if I thought there was any chance for me."

"Nothing like trying. Faint heart never won fair lady," returned Frank, more with the air of a man than a boy. How fast he was growing old!

"A banter, by George!" exclaimed Green, slapping his hands together. "You're a great boy, Frank! a great boy! I shall have to talk to your father about you. Coming on too fast. Have to be put back in your lessons—hey!"

And Green winked at the boy, and

shook his finger at him. Frank laughed in a pleased way, as he replied:

"I guess I'll do."

"I guess you will," said Green, as, satisfied with his colloquy, he turned off and left the bar-room.

"Have something to drink, sir?" inquired Frank, addressing me in a bold, free way.

I shook my head.

"Here's a newspaper," he added.

I took the paper and sat down—not to read, but to observe. Two or three men soon came in, and spoke in a very familiar way to Frank, who was presently busy setting out the liquors they had called for. Their conversation, interlarded with much that was profane and vulgar, was of horses, horse-racing, gunning, and the like, to all of which the young bar-keeper lent an attentive ear, putting in a word now and then, and showing an intelligence in such matters quite beyond his age. In the midst thereof, Mr. Slade made his appearance. His presence caused a marked change in Frank, who retired from his place among the men, a step or two outside of the bar, and did not make a remark while his father remained. It was plain from this, that Mr. Slade was not only aware of Frank's dangerous precocity, but had already marked his forwardness by rebuke.

So far, all that I had seen and heard impressed me unfavorably, notwithstanding the declaration of Simon Slade that everything about the "Sickle and Sheaf" was coming on "first-rate," and that he was "perfectly satisfied" with his experiment. Why, even if the man had gained, in money, fifty thousand dollars by tavern-keeping in a year, he had lost a jewel in the innocence of his boy that was beyond all valuation. "Perfectly satisfied?" Impossible! He was not perfectly satisfied. How could he be? The look thrown upon Frank when he entered the bar-room, and saw him "hale fellow, well met," with three or four idle, profane drinking customers, contradicted that assertion.

After supper, I took a seat in the bar-room, to see how life moved on in that place of rendezvous for the surface-population of Cedarville. Interest enough in the characters I had met there a year before remained for me to choose this way of spending the time, instead of visiting at the house of a gentleman who had kindly invited me to pass an evening with his family.

The bar-room custom, I soon found, had largely increased in a year. It now required, for a good part of the time, the active services of both the landlord and his son to meet the calls for liquor. What pained me most, was to see the large number of lads and young men who came in to lounge and drink; and there was scarcely one of them whose face did not show marks of sensuality, or whose language was not marred by obscenity, profanity, or vulgar slang. The subjects of conversation were varied enough, though politics was the most prominent. In regard to politics, I heard nothing in the least instructive; but only abuse of individuals and dogmatism on public measures. They were all exceedingly confident in assertion; but I listened in vain for exposition, or even for demonstrative facts. He who asseverated in the most positive manner, and swore the hardest, carried the day in the petty contests.

I noticed, early in the evening, and at a time when all the inmates of the room were in the best possible humor with themselves, the entrance of an elderly man, on whose face I instantly read a deep concern. It was one of those mild yet strongly marked faces, that strike you at a glance. The forehead was broad, the eyes large and far back in their sockets, the lips full but firm. You saw evidences of a strong, but well-balanced character. As he came in, I noticed a look of intelligence pass from one to another; and then the eyes of two or three were fixed upon a young man who was seated not far from me, with his back to the entrance, playing at dominoes. He had a glass of ale by his side. The old man searched about the room for

some moments before his glance rested upon the individual I have mentioned. My eyes were full upon his face, as he advanced toward him, yet unseen. Upon it was not a sign of angry excitement, but a most touching sorrow.

"Edward!" he said, as he laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder. The latter started at the voice, and crimsoned deeply. A few moments he sat irresolute.

"Edward, my son!" It would have been a cold, hard heart indeed that softened not under the melting tenderness of these tones. The call was irresistible, and obedience a necessity. The powers of evil had, yet, too feeble a grasp on the young man's heart to hold him in thrall. Rising with a half-reluctant manner, and with a shamefacedness that it was impossible to conceal, he retired as quietly as possible. The notice of only a few in the bar-room was attracted by the incident.

"I can tell you what," I heard the individual, with whom the young man had been playing at dominoes, remark—himself not twenty years of age—"if my old man were to make a fool of himself in this way—sneaking around after me in bar-rooms—he'd get only his trouble for his pains. I'd like to see him try it, though! There'd be a nice time of it, I guess. Wouldn't I creep off with him, as meek as a lamb! Ho! ho!"

"Who is that old gentleman who came in just now?" I inquired of the person who thus commented on the incident which had just occurred.

"Mr. Hargrove is his name."

"And that was his son?"

"Yes; and I'm only sorry he doesn't possess a little more spirit."

"How old is he?"

"About twenty."

"Not of legal age, then?"

"He's old enough to be his own master."

"The law says differently," I suggested.

In answer, the young man cursed

the law, snapping his fingers in its imaginary face as he did so.

"At least you will admit," said I, "that Edward Hargrove, in the use of a liberty to go where he pleases, and do what he pleases, exhibits but small discretion."

"I will admit no such thing. What harm is there, I would like to know, in a social little game such as we were playing? There were no stakes—we were not gambling."

I pointed to the half-emptied glass of ale left by young Hargrove.

"Oh! oh!" half sneered, half laughed a man, twice the age of the one I had addressed, who sat near by, listening to our conversation. I looked at him for a moment, and then said:

"The great danger lies there, without doubt. If it were only a glass of ale and a game of dominoes—but it doesn't stop there, and well the young man's father knows it."

"Perhaps he does," was answered. I remember him in his younger days; and a pretty high boy he was. He didn't stop at a glass of ale and a game at dominoes; not he! I've seen him as drunk as a lord many a time; and many a time at a horse-race, or cock-fight, betting with the bravest. I was only a boy, though a pretty old boy; but I can tell you, Hargrove was no saint."

"I wonder not, then, that he is anxious for his son," was my remark. "He knows well the lurking dangers in the path he seems inclined to enter."

"I don't see that they have done him much harm. He sowed his wild oats—then got married, and settled down into a good substantial citizen. A little too religious and pharisaical, I always thought; but upright in his dealings. He had his pleasures in early life, as was befitting the season of youth—why not let his son taste of the same agreeable fruit? He's wrong, sir—wrong! And I've said as much to Ned. I only wish the boy had showed the right spunk this evening, and told the old man to go home about his business."

"So do I," chimed in the young disciple in this bad school. "It's what I'd say to my old man, in double-quick time, if he was to come hunting after me."

"He knows better than to do that," said the other, in a way that let me deeper into the young man's character.

"Indeed he does. He's tried his hand on me once or twice during the last year, but found it wouldn't do, no how; Tom Peters is out of his leading-strings."

"And can drink his glass with any one, and not be a grain the worse for it."

"Exactly, old boy!" said Peters, slapping his preceptor on the knee. "Exactly! I'm not one of your weak-headed ones. Oh, no!"

"Look here, Joe Morgan!"—the half-angry voice of Simon Slade now rung through the bar-room—"just take yourself off home!"

I had not observed the entrance of this person. He was standing at the bar, with an emptied glass in his hand. A year had made no improvement in his appearance. On the contrary, his clothes were more worn and tattered; his countenance more sadly marred. What he had said to irritate the landlord, I know not; but Slade's face was fiery with passion, and his eyes glared threateningly at the poor besotted one, who showed not the least inclination to obey.

"Off with you, I say! And never show your face here again. I won't have such low vagabonds as you are about my house. If you can't keep decent and stay decent, don't intrude yourself here."

"A rum-seller talk of decency!" retorted Morgan. "Pah! You were a decent man once, and a good miller into the bargain. But that time's past and gone. Decency died out when you exchanged the pick and facing-hammer for the glass and muddler. Decency! Pah! How you talk! As if it were any more decent to sell rum than to drink it."

There was so much of biting contempt in the tones as well as the words of the half-intoxicated man, that Slade, who had himself been drinking rather more freely than usual, was angered beyond self-control. Catching up an empty glass from the counter, he hurled it with all his strength at the head of Joe Morgan. The missive just grazed one of his temples, and flew by on its dangerous course. The quick sharp cry of a child startled the air, followed by exclamations of alarm and horror from many voices.

"It's Joe Morgan's child!" "He's killed her!" "Good heavens!" Such were the exclamations that rang through the room. I was among the first to reach the spot where a little girl, just gliding in through the door, had been struck on the forehead by the glass, which had cut a deep gash, and stunned her into insensibility. The blood flowed instantly from the wound, and covered her face, which presented a shocking appearance. As I lifted her from the floor, upon which she had fallen, Morgan, into whose very soul the piercing cry of his child had penetrated, stood by my side, and grappled his arms around her insensible form, uttering as he did so heart-touching moans and lamentations.

"What's the matter? Oh, what's the matter?" It was a woman's voice, speaking in frightened tones.

"It's nothing. Just go out, will you, Ann?" I heard the landlord say.

But his wife—it was Mrs. Slade—having heard the shrieks of pain and terror uttered by Morgan's child, had come running into the bar-room—heeded not his words, but pressed forward into the little group that stood around the bleeding girl.

"Run for Doctor Green, Frank," she cried in an imperative voice, the moment her eyes rested on the little one's bloody face.

Frank came around from behind the bar, in obedience to the word; but his father gave a partial countermand, and he stood still. Upon observing which,

his mother repeated the order, even more emphatically.

"Why don't you jump, you young rascal?" exclaimed Harvey Green. "The child may be dead before the doctor can get here."

Frank hesitated no longer, but disappeared instantly through the door.

"Poor, poor child!" almost sobbed Mrs. Slade, as she lifted the insensible form from my arms. "How did it happen? Who struck her?"

"Who? Curse him! Who but Simon Slade?" answered Joe Morgan, through his clenched teeth.

The look of anguish, mingled with bitter reproach, instantly thrown upon the landlord by his wife, can hardly be forgotten by any who saw it that night.

"Oh, Simon! Simon! And has it come to this already?" What a world of bitter memories, and sad forebodings of evil, did that little sentence express. "To this already"—Ah! In the downward way, how rapidly the steps do tread—how fast the progress!

"Bring me a basin of water, and a towel, quickly!" she now exclaimed.

The water was brought, and in a little while the face of the child lay pure and white as snow against her bosom. The wound from which the blood had flowed so freely was found on the upper part of the forehead, a little to the side, and extending several inches back, along the top of the head. As soon as the blood stains were wiped away, and the effusion partially stopped, Mrs. Slade carried the still insensible body into the next room, whither the distressed, and now completely sobered, father accompanied her. I went with them, but Slade remained behind.

The arrival of the doctor was soon followed by the restoration of life to the inanimate body. He happened to be at home, and came instantly. He had just taken the last stitch in the wound, which required to be drawn together, and was applying strips of adhesive plaster, when the hurried entrance of some one caused me to look up. What an apparition met my eyes!

A woman stood in the door, with a face in which maternal anxiety and terror blended fearfully. Her countenance was like ashes—her eyes straining wildly—her lips apart, while the panting breath almost hissed through them.

"Joe! Joe! What is it? Where is Mary? Is she dead?" were her eager inquiries.

"No, Fanny," answered Joe Morgan, starting up from where he was actually kneeling by the side of the reviving little one, and going quickly to his wife. "She's better now. It's a bad hurt, but the doctor says it's not dangerous. Poor, dear child!"

The pale face of the mother grew paler—she gasped—caught for breath two or three times—a low shudder ran through her frame—and then she lay white and pulseless in the arms of her husband. As the doctor applied restoratives, I had opportunity to note more particularly the appearance of Mrs. Morgan. Her person was very slender, and her face so attenuated that it might almost be called shadowy. Her hair, which was a rich chestnut brown, with a slight golden lustre, had fallen from her comb, and now lay all over her neck and bosom in beautiful luxuriance. Back from her full temples it had been smoothed away by the hand of Morgan, that all the while moved over her brow and temples with a caressing motion that I saw was unconscious, and which revealed the tenderness of feeling with which, debased as he was, he regarded the wife of his youth, and the long suffering companion of his later and evil days. Her dress was plain and coarse, but clean and well-fitting; and about her whole person was an air of neatness and taste. She could not now be called beautiful; yet in her marred features—marred by suffering and grief—were many lineaments of beauty, and much that told of a pure, true woman's heart beating in her bosom. Life came slowly back to the stilled heart, and it was nearly half an hour before the circle of motion was fully restored.

Then the twain, with their child, tenderly borne in the arms of her father, went sadly homeward, leaving more than one heart heavier for their visit.

I saw more of the landlord's wife on this occasion than before. She had acted with a promptness and humanity that impressed me very favorably. It was plain from her exclamations on learning that her husband's hand inflicted the blow that came so near destroying the child's life, that her faith for good in the tavern-keeping experiment had never been strong. I had already inferred as much. Her face, the few times I had seen her, wore a troubled look; and I could never forget its expression, nor her anxious, warning voice, when she discovered Frank sipping the dregs from a glass in the bar-room.

It is rarely, I believe, that wives consent freely to the opening of taverns by their husbands; and the determination on the part of the latter to do so is not unfrequently attended with a breach of confidence and good feeling never afterward fully healed. Men look close to the money result; women to the moral consequences. I doubt if there be one dram-seller in ten between whom and his wife there exists a good understanding—to say nothing of genuine affection. And, in the exceptional cases, it will generally be found that the wife is as mercenary, or careless of the public good, as her husband. I have known some women to set up grog-shops; but they were women of bad principles and worse hearts. I remember one case, where a woman, with a sober, church-going husband, opened a dram-shop. The husband opposed, remonstrated, begged, threatened—but all to no purpose. The wife, by working for the clothing stores, had earned and saved about three hundred dollars. The love of money, in the slow process of accumulation, had been awakened; and, in ministering to the depraved appetites of men who loved drink and neglected their families, she saw a quicker

mode of acquiring the gold she coveted. And so the dram-shop was opened. And what was the result? The husband quit going to church. He had no heart for that; for, even on the Sabbath day, the fiery stream was stayed not in his house. Next he began to tipple. Soon, alas! the subtle poison so pervaded his system that morbid desire came; and then he moved along quick-footed in the way to ruin. In less than three years, I think, from the time the grog-shop was opened by his wife, he was in a drunkard's grave. A year or two more, and the pit that was digged for others by the hands of the wife, she fell into herself. Ever breathing an atmosphere poisoned by the fumes of liquor, the love of tasting it was gradually formed, and she, too, in the end, became a slave to the Demon of Drink. She died at last, poor as a beggar in the street. Ah! this liquor-selling is the way to ruin; and they who open the gates, as well as those who enter the downward path, alike go to destruction. But this is digressing.

After Joe Morgan and his wife left the "Sickle and Sheaf," with that gentle child, who, as I afterward learned, had not, for a year or more, laid her little head to sleep until her father returned home—and who, if he stayed out beyond a certain hour, would go for him, and lead him back, a very angel of love and patience—I re-entered the bar-room to see how life was passing there. Not one of all I had left in the room remained. The incident which had occurred was of so painful a nature that no further unalloyed pleasure was to be had there during the evening, and so each had retired. In his little kingdom the landlord sat alone, his head resting on his hand, and his face shaded from the light. The whole aspect of the man was that of one in self-humiliation. As I entered he raised his head, and turned his face toward me. Its expression was painful.

"Rather an unfortunate affair," said he. "I'm angry with myself, and

sorry for the poor child. But she'd no business here. As for Joe Morgan, it would take a saint to bear his tongue when once set a-going by liquor. I wish he'd stay away from the house. Nobody wants his company. Oh, dear!"

The ejaculation, or rather groan, that closed the sentence showed how little Slade was satisfied with himself, notwithstanding this feeble effort at self-justification.

"His thirst for liquor draws him hither," I remarked. "The attraction of your bar to his appetite is like that of the magnet to the needle. He cannot stay away."

"He must stay away!" exclaimed the landlord, with some vehemence of tone, striking his fist upon the table by which he sat. "He must stay away! There is scarcely an evening that he does not ruffle my temper and mar good feelings in all the company. Just see what he provoked me to do this evening. I might have killed the child. It makes my blood run cold to think of it! Yes, sir—he must stay away. If no better can be done, I'll hire a man to stand at the door and keep him out."

"He never troubled you at the mill," said I. "No man was required at the mill door?"

"No!" And the landlord gave emphasis to the word by an oath, ejaculated with a heartiness that almost

startled me. I had not heard him swear before. "No; the great trouble was to get him and keep him there, the good-for-nothing, idle fellow!"

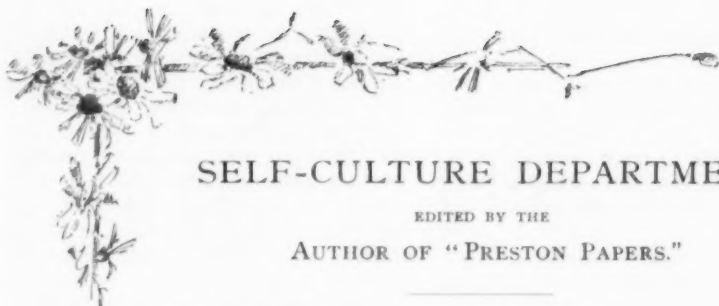
"I'm afraid," I ventured to suggest, "that things don't go on quite so smoothly here as they did at the mill. Your customers are of a different class."

"I don't know about that; why not?" He did not just relish my remark.

"Between quiet, thrifty, substantial farmers, and drinking bar-room loungers are many degrees of comparison."

"Excuse me, sir!" Simon Slade elevated his person. "The men who visit my bar-room, as a general thing, are quite as respectable, moral, and substantial as any who came to the mill—and I believe more so. The first people in the place, sir, are to be found here. Judge Lyman and Judge Hammond; Lawyer Wilks and Doctor Maynard; Mr. Grand and Mr. Lee; and dozens of others—all our first people. No, sir; you mustn't judge all by vagabonds like Joe Morgan."

There was a testy spirit manifested that I did not care to provoke. I could have met his assertion with facts and inferences of a character to startle any one occupying his position, who was in a calm, reflective state; but to argue with him then would have been worse than idle; and so I let him talk on until the excitement occasioned by my words died out for want of new fuel.



SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese*.

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

ETHICAL CULTURE. III.

Contentment.

Contentment has always seemed to me to be a rather lazy sort of virtue, keeping its—shall I say?—victims in the lowlands of mediocre development, when, without this characteristic covering them as with a mantle, they might have easily risen to the heights of help and been of untold inspiration and service to others.

In how far we ought to "be content," is a question of importance. First, then, let us see what contentment really is, for it is possible that in labeling it "a lazy virtue" I may have in part misunderstood its function and been misled by its votaries.

The word *content* comes from the Latin *continere* (to hold together), *contentus* being the past participle. Webster gives, as the first definition, this: "Contained within limits." This opens the way for a new meaning to be given to the word, and I wonder if some of those who are masquerading as "contented" are so really, or if they are not actually lazy instead, believing as I now do that the words are not really synonymous.

"Contained within limits"—well, we ought all to be content, then, if that is what it really means, for we are all to a certain extent limited in our environment. If we do our best to get outside of our surroundings in any way, but are prevented, the second part of the definition will apply: "Having the desires limited by that which one has;" not disposed to repine or grumble. Having done our best, we leave with God the rest, without grumbling at His selection of what is best for us.

Contentment, then, may lead us to discover continents (or latent talent in others), or it may compel us to sit serenely down and "Learn to labor and to wait" with as much emphasis on the waiting as on the laboring. Contentment is not to rest "satisfied" short of doing our best, our very best, before accepting as inevitable what comes into our lives, our homes, our characters; it is activity itself, so long as activity accomplishes anything—but it is a something sweet and peaceful which follows this striving for other, better, or higher, things—the almost nameless characteristic which keeps us sweet and happy and cheerful when we have fallen short of our inten-

tions, and which makes us "good company" in spite of poverty, of trials, losses and discouragements of all kinds and degrees.

Why, I know people who have suffered intensely and yet lived to cheer others all the way through life to such a degree that it has been said of them, "No wonder that they are contented and happy! They have everything that they want." Well, they do; but so may you by following their simple plan of only wanting what you have or can get. That is contentment's crown.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE. III.

Through Pain.

There are those who need the ministry of pain to open the doors and windows of their sympathy for others; who cannot imagine a thing which they have never felt and who have no pity for what has never come into their own experience. For these pain is a great teacher, and the lesson, though bitter, very effectual in softening hard hearts.

Others have such a perfect glow of health that even the ordinary caution to "Keep still, please; Mamma has a headache," is a terrible infliction. They need, absolutely need, the very thing which nothing but pain itself can give. They, too, need to feel the thing at whose presence they jeer openly or fret secretly.

Some, too, are so high spirited, having such a superabundance of life, such an overflow of vitality, that pain comes only as a reminder that health and disease are both in the balance, each waiting his turn to command. Just a little twinge will do for such, as a general thing, but more is sometimes supplied.

Then there are those who would never recognize the goodness of God, nor see the blessing of health—because something else was wished for, but denied—were this same health not touched now and then with the finger of pain.

And there are many, very many, who "have no time" for spiritual development, except when laid upon the couch of pain and told to "Stay there; you need this time for communion with God and yourself. You would not take it right out of a busy week—but you need it. You are growing careless, worried, cross, perhaps, or in some way too thoughtless of things heavenly, too much absorbed in things earthly, and you need more spiritual food."

Some must endure pain to teach them the irrevocable laws of health, and through this the higher laws of God. Pain to them may mean abstemiousness in food, afterward, or temperance in other lines, which would not have occurred to them so long as they had no positive reminder of cause and effect, no suggestion that

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made;
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

So, pain, the messenger, comes to us in love, in kindness; as a teacher, a physician, or as a tender, tender lover, who would have us develop into perfect characters, not as a terrible embodiment of punishment—always—not as an avenger, merely, but to bring us back or nearer. Which is it, in your case? In mine? These are the questions which we must answer individually, each conning his own lesson in the ministry of pain.

BODY CULTURE. IV.

Our Second Necessity: the Bath.

The bath—our second necessity after introduction into this world of life and light—has more than one function, cleanliness always being given first place; but "there are others." It varies in kind and degree as well as frequency and length, according as needed for one thing or the other—as below:

A bath in warm water is restful,

and therefore should be always taken at night. Another good reason for taking it at night is that it starts the perspiration, opens the pores of the skin, and therefore leaves you more sensitive to the surrounding air, and liable to take cold from exposure. By going to bed at once you will fall asleep, and by morning your body will be "normal" again; and the bath which would have weakened you for a day's work, if taken in the morning, has done you great good besides cleaning you up.

A cold bath, on the contrary, tends to stimulate the body functions, and should be taken in the morning, when the entire being can stand a little extra work without any harm. But this does not always mean a plunge into a tub of cold water, and but few even among strong people can stand the sudden shock which this produces.

If not accustomed to a cold water bath, learn slowly. Begin by dipping a towel in cold water, half warming it, and rubbing your body vigorously with that and then with a dry one that is not too soft, and dressing as quickly as possible. A brief but rapid walk in the open air after that, with closed lips will give you an appetite for a good breakfast.

But you may not be strong enough to even endure this! Yes, some people are too weak for an every day bath in water; and for them a friction bath is the next best thing. Put a pound of salt in as much water as will take it up. Then you have what is called a solution of salt. Use sea salt if possible. You can get a box at nearly any drug store for ten cents. But if not easily attainable, use the very coarsest you can find. Let it stand until dissolved, and at night dip your towel or washcloth into it, and lightly wring or squeeze it, leaving it to dry with as much of the solution as you can and not have it "drip." Use that in the morning, before you take your "dip" for face and hands in the washbowl. Rub it all over your body. My, how good you will feel—unless it "pricks"

too much, drawing the blood too near the skin.

In that case, wet your washcloth in clear water, in the morning, then roll it in a bowl of dry Indian meal, and do your "house-cleaning" with that, before you go to your washbowl. Follow this with a soft towel to brush off the meal.

But some of you may have so sensitive a skin that even this is too rough usage; in this case, use just a coarse towel, dry, and not too vigorously. Don't be too harsh with your skin, for you may make it sore and stiff; and it should be kept soft, pliable and elastic, in order to do its work in the matter of perspiration. (By the way, this is one of the most healthful operations of the entire body, when not caused by weakness; as it carries away very much of the useless matter in your system. This gives it the unpleasant odor which you all notice, and makes it absolutely indispensable that you wipe it off. If perspiration is allowed to dry into your skin, it stops the pores, hinders circulation and digestion and takes away your strength.)

Sick people sometimes have to have baths in which salt and alcohol have been added to the water, the salt for its stimulating qualities, the alcohol for that and to toughen the skin—so constantly being covered, making the skin too soft.

Others, who cannot eat enough food for proper nourishment, have to be bathed in milk, vaseline, or sweet oil, all of which afford some nourishment—so if any of you are specially delicate (Oh, you, that effervesce with excessive vitality, need not laugh! You may not always be as robust as you are now) you can "feed" your tissues in this way. Your little baby may be needing just this.

Then there is the *air-bath*. That is just splendid! And if taken as soon as you are out of bed, and accompanied by some deep breathing exercises, some (not too fast) arm, leg and body movements, it will almost make you over new! Taken in this way, too, it

is a good preventative against colds. Make a note of this, for this kind of a bath "braces" you up wonderfully.

Then comes the *sun bath*! Oh, my! People who have never taken a sun bath, through big sunny windows, don't know what a luxury they have missed. These are good for all, but especially beneficial to growing boys and girls and for invalids—but if you expect to do any work after one of them you will have to look out, for they are better than chloral to make you sleep!

A few more general hints and we will leave this topic:

1. Avoid the use of too much soap in the bath. Its alkali makes the skin dry and cracks it.
2. Pure, white castile soap is one of the very best. Most of the "fancy" soaps are made of impure matter, then perfumed to take away the disagreeable odor.
3. A bag made of cheese cloth and filled with wheat bran, Indian meal, and oat meal, in equal parts is a delightful addition to the water for the "all over bath." Drained and dried it will serve several times.
4. No water bath should be taken within an hour and a half after eating. It hinders digestion, causes headache, and may lead to other troubles.
5. Too frequent bathing is weakening. Twice a week in water is enough for cleanliness, ordinarily; and one of these should be of warm water, with soap—the latter not being a necessary adjunct to the daily bath, even of the hands, unless you are engaged in specially dirty work.
6. Soaking the hands in warm (not hot) water is about the only way to "clean out all the corners" and should be done two or three times a week, or oftener.
7. A warm foot bath, increasing the temperature of the water until it is hot, is very restful. (Salt and mustard added will sometimes cure even severe cases of headache).
8. Face, neck, ears, arms, armpits, feet, etc., should be bathed daily.
9. No swimming when too tired; nor too long, too often, when it is too cold, or when you are not in "good condition." Bar these exceptions women and girls should swim as easily (perhaps not as often) as their husbands, fathers and brothers.
10. No exposure to cold after a warm bath, until recovery from its effect is sure.
11. Bathing is to be done judiciously and with reference to other things as well as cleanliness.
12. Observe the effect of each kind of bath, and note the details, so that you will learn just what is suited to you, at different times and under different conditions.

PRACTICAL CHILD STUDY. II.

(For the Arthur's Mothers' Clubs.)

Inquiries.

What do you know of your children's general characteristics? Are they mainly in the right direction, or do some of them tend downward? Which predominate among them all? Is any child better than the rest? Worse? Why, in either case? How do they compare physically (a) with each other; (b) with other children of their ages; (c) with your ideal? If "short" what can you do to help make up their natural deficiencies? If ahead, how do you account for it, and what is its general effect upon them, and upon their companions in school and elsewhere? (Remember, that it is not always the "smart" child who is the greatest favorite, nor the most agreeable, nor the one who will pull steadily for the longest time, in all directions, or even in any). Are any of them near sighted? Far sighted? Have any of them astigmatism? Are any of them weak, anywhere? Especially strong? Crippled, or do they in any way require especially tender care? Are they nervous, sluggish, or what is their temperament, and in what way is this a guiding post for you to train them

by? Are they fretful, patient, sullen, vengeful, malicious, studious, beyond the ordinary? How do they stand in regard to restraint by you, or by others in authority?

Bring your inquiries to our Mothers' Club, your help, suggestions, criticisms.

Impertinent Children.

In considering children of this class, find out:

1. All that is possible regarding the child's heredity on your own side of the house, and the other—that you may know whether he was born impertinent, acquired impertinence, or had impertinence thrust upon him.

2. If the trait is inherited, study:

a. Its general trend.

b. Motive. (It may be mere vain-glory, boastfulness, vanity, a desire to "show off.")

c. Effect (1) on himself—I may be mistaken in the sex of the average offender in this line!—(2) on his associates—(3) on his mother! (I've no doubt it stirs the dregs of your "old Adam!")

d. Causes. That is, what causes it to come to the surface, for if hereditary that is the cause of its being.

e. Are the offenses committed in public or private?

3. Study his home environment, as to (a) his position in your family (b), treatment of other members, and (c) by other members of the family (d), their treatment of each other.

So much depends upon all these points!

Young America inherits some traits from his Revolutionary ancestry, in the way of ambition, independence, and fire. Any of these, gone to seed, will develop into impertinence in childhood, with but very little encouragement—and most of us can furnish the encouragement!

Possibly, also, the present tendencies of teaching, at home, school and church, do not greatly foster the spirit of reverence. We are not by nature a man-worshipping people. Power,

money, and place, do not much appeal to us. And by parity of reasoning our children have not the attitude of humility in large degree. They detect our human frailties and are (ignorantly or viciously) impertinent!

1. If there are extenuating circumstances, "give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," but do not let the habit in the child become chronic. You have a responsibility, even as to his manners!

2. If you are in any degree to blame for his attacks, be perfectly frank in saying so.

It need not lower your dignity—or if it does you can "hitch" it up again!—to say: "Harold, I was thoughtless in my expression, or act, and am sorry that it resulted in rudeness on your part. You should have set me a better example, but I beg your pardon." (He is entitled to an apology, if he has been given a wrong turn by his mother, his exemplar!) Then be careful not to provoke impertinence.

3. If the offenses are committed ignorantly, practical instruction in every-day etiquette is indispensable. It is never out of place—and will often prove the old adage true about the ounce of prevention.

Associates vary so! Look out for the manners of your children's associates. What is "good form" where you and I were trained may be an unknown quality in the children we are studying, and studying to help, not merely for scientific analysis or diagnosis! Don't forget that.

4. If the fault is not through ignorance, but mere thoughtlessness, great harm might come from censure. A general talk on courtesy (with constant practice of the same) is an object lesson that carries more force to the square inch than volumes of sermons, or hours of lectures on the subject; a well-selected story, extract, or poem, read or told in the close confidence of the twilight or bedtime hour, will generally be found sufficient; but a private, kindly, special "talk" may be added, if it is not.

5. If, on the other hand, it is done to defy rules and authority, positive knowledge of the individual must precede definite action, which should be (a) kind (b), firm (c), continuous, until the habit is held in check. Withdrawal of some personal right or privilege, accorded only to those who have shown themselves "good citizens," in the family may be necessary for a time. But look out that inducements to impertinence are not held out! Stop up the opportunity cracks—for such an individual!

6. If done merely to test the powers (or prowess!) of the presiding genius of the home, use diplomacy in meeting the pitfalls—with superior wisdom, such as your years, education, and position, presupposes. Use your tact and keep plenty of it on hand! It is one of the best "emergency remedies" with which I am acquainted, even for home use.

7. If the spirit which prompted the action, or word, or look—for a look sometimes carries more real impertinence in its train than a wagon load of words—is likely to die out naturally, because of the general "atmosphere" which surrounds it, making its life necessarily ephemeral, little notice of it need be taken; but if it is likely to ulcerate, incision is necessary, and should be prompt, decisive, and thorough, but not cold, unfeeling, nor mechanical. Be guided largely by the "bill of particulars."

8. If the impertinence is public, and of such a nature as to call for public recognition, be especially careful not to select a method of treatment that will do more harm than good. Public reproof or other punishment—as a rule—hardens the one receiving it and may prejudice the others. Yet there may be times when a quiet dignified assertion of what is due becomes essential to the best good of the family.

Such cases are very rare and therein lies the strength of this treatment. When used at all, it should be done in such a way as to command the respect and sympathy of all present. This can-

not be accomplished through sarcasm, vituperation, threats, nor an evident desire to triumph. Look out for your manner in cases of this kind. Private conversation may show unsuspected feeling on the part of the transgressor.

9. If a careful study of the child's environment reveals the fact that you unconsciously encourage more freedom of speech than you desire; that delicacy of speech and action is not hereditary; that what to your well-trained observation and judgment is out of character in childhood as a part of his family life—then your missionary work begins, for every true mother is a home missionary.

This part of your work cannot be done at arm's length, nor by gathering your robes about you with an "I am holier than thou" air—but you may take care that your conduct and conversation are punctilious to a degree, although always very friendly.

Take your impertinent child with you boating, walking, riding, fishing, to church, to entertainments, to make calls where the appointments and manners tend toward real refinement.

Provide him with books, papers, pictures, "tools" that will elevate his thought, and his attitude will become deferential.

Show that you are his friend, as well as mother, anxious to do him life-long good, and the impertinent child becomes your boy, heart and soul, language, manners and all!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. IV.

Help—II.

Even the household drudge has rights, and many of them, which you are bound to respect, if you respect yourself.

"Nagging" is just as bad in the kitchen as in any part of the house. Kindly criticism, without fawning, is sometimes indispensable, but you should always make all possible allow-

ance for shortcomings in your help as you expect it of them, for you.

Until the millennium dawns, do not expect too much of humanity in your aids. Human perfection has scarcely taken root yet in the drawing-room and parlor, and those things grow from the top downward—sometimes.

Try using a little patience, when the harsh or cutting word comes to your lips. You will be surprised at the returns.

Treat every one with the same courtesy that you demand. Walk not in the footsteps of the faultfinder, linger not in the pathway of the scold, and be not found worshipping at the temple of snobbery.

Do cheerfully whatever will be best "in the long run;" you are training your help, not merely for to-day nor this year, but for all time.

Encourage your domestics in all lines of self improvement, and a practical way will be to give them just such a magazine as "ARTHUR'S" to read, not occasionally, but to be kept where they can pick it up at odd moments. If they can't read, they can at least enjoy the beautiful pictures, and you cannot estimate the difference in influence that these will have as contrasted with such as are found in too many of the daily papers—which are scattered broadcast. Mayhap, with a little gentle encouragement, not the "I am greater than thou," air, the domestic may be induced to learn to read. Can you imagine what your life would be if shut out from the companionship of books and magazines? Think, then, of what the narrower life of your help must be, if so shut away from much of the best of life.

Kindness to your help will be among the first investments to pay a big dividend.

Be as nearly as possible the ideal mistress whom your fancy paints as the one who alone is fit to live with the ideal maid which you long for in your home. Insist upon tidy dress, in your maid, and then honor your profession of adoration for neatness by buttoning

your shoes, taking out your curl papers (if you ever wear them) and attending to all the minor parts of your toilet before leaving the privacy of your room. Your appearance will, in a large measure, give the cue to what the maid thinks you will tolerate in her.

If you "snap" out a request or a reproof, what do you reasonably expect to get in return? Patient endurance, and silent acquiescence? You must have a prize at your beck and call.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

By John Sidney Stoddard.

As the vacation season approaches, much is being said and written on ways and means of spending it, whether in the country, among the mountains, at the seaside, or some other fashionable watering place. Of course the ever-present advice-man is around with his usual black list of "Vacation Don'ts."

For those of us who belong to the order of "Stay-at-homes," these things have but little interest. Circumstances have hedged us around with responsibilities and duties which prevent us from joining the outward-bound throng on pleasure bent. To us the question is not "Where shall we go?" but "How can we make the best of the situation as we find it?"

Let us face the music, turn philosophers, and find the bright side of the picture. Other things being equal, if found in the way of duty, we shall be happy; the stars will shine through our "cypress trees" and our paths will be sun-lighted and rose-strewn.

In days of old when the tribes went forth to battle some men were left to care for home and family, but all shared in the spoils of victory.

A philosophic wag says "We can have what we like by liking what we have." This spirit will go far toward giving us a pleasant vacation regardless of environment.

"Contentment often gives a crown,
Where fortune hath denied it."

Therefore let contentment be the "home-guards' " watchword.

Let us see our friends off at wharf or station and share their experiences through their letters and when they return (unless their stories are too fishy) listen without a jot of envy.

Let us take life easily. Banish care and anxious thought. These always claim more victims than labor.

Let us give the matters of diet and dress special attention. Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, avoiding meats and heavy or rich foods, as a general rule. Let the diet be nourishing and agreeable. Let the clothing be light, loose and frequently changed. In a word, keep comfortable. Then, "when the swallows homeward fly," we shall compare favorably with our more fortunate friends, who have been resting if not rusting out of town.

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT.

Here's a motto just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it—
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you;
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

—Iowa Schools.

HANGING THE CURTAINS.

A Pantomime.

By the Author of "Preston Papers."

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Howard,	Mrs. Howard,
Children { Bert Howard,	Clara Bell,
{ Jennie Howard,	(sister of Mrs.
{ Fred Howard,	Howard),
{ Frank Howard,	Domestics, <i>ad lib.</i>

First Scene.

Family sitting room—piano or organ in background of stage; two windows (only one if more convenient) at back wall, without shades or drapery; center table in foreground, with lamp, or bouquet in vase; books, newspapers, etc.

Mr. Howard reads newspaper, or looks over account book, side face to audience, oblivious of all else.

Bert and Clara practicing "Yankee Doodle" or some other simple and familiar air at the piano.

Mrs. Howard at side of center table, opposite Mr. Howard; darning stockings, sewing on buttons, or knitting.

Fred at left front, busy with slate and arithmetic.

Frank, at opposite end of stage, a little further back, playing with dog, cat, top, ball or marbles.

Occasionally Mr. H. rattles his paper or moves his account book, or looks up to see Mrs. Howard, who speaks apparently (but not really), then buries himself in his work.

Bell rings. Enter servant with large package which he (or she) hands to Mrs. Howard, who opens it to find new curtains (or shades) with poles or other "fixtures" following in separate package. As she unties the string and opens the paper, all leave their

other occupations and crowd about the new curtains, examining them with good-natured excitement, crowding each other as far as politeness permits, except Mr. Howard, whose attention remains riveted on his own affairs except when appealed to in dumb show by wife or children.

(The whole to occupy not more than five minutes.)

Second Scene.

Mr. Howard, minus coat, is receiving step-ladder from hands of domestic, the others "grouped" easily about the room, with curtains, hammer, tacks, fixtures, etc., all watching Mr. Howard and at various points trying to assist.

He places the ladder carefully in front of one of the windows, fastens it deliberately, straightens up and mops off his perspiring (?) forehead; tries ladder, by shaking it vigorously, when it falls; resets it; wipes his face again and frowns at the crowd, all of whom laugh at him, some holding their sides, others with mouth wide open and head thrown back, one or two with quietly suppressed smiles.

He mounts the ladder; sits on top step to wipe his face again; Bert hands him one of the fixtures, the domestic passes up the hammer, while Frank runs for the tacks.

Mrs. H—holds the curtains expectantly, Fred, Bert, Jennie and Clara, offering their services as occasion demands.

One fixture is screwed to place without much trouble, but the next is put first too high, then too low, and the family as a family and as individuals stand off and eye both critically, Mr. H— coming down from the ladder for the purpose.

As he reascends the ladder he holds the fixture in place and turns to watch their gestures and facial expression as to its proper height, they telling him by signs when it is "out of straight;" he finally satisfies them and himself and fastens it.

Mrs. H— then hands him the curtains; he essays to hang or drape them, but finds the fixtures too far apart. Gets angry and throws them down, and descends the ladder. Resumes his seat at the table, sullenly, after first putting on his coat.

Mrs. H— moves a box in front of the other window, puts a chair on it, which Bert and Fred hold while she quietly and quickly, without any "fuss and feathers," fastens the fixtures and hangs the curtains for that window, then proceeds in the same way with the other.

[Note.—In order to make the latter part effective by way of contrast it may be necessary to have the wall prepared.—Author.]



EDITED BY FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, PH. D.

V. THE FIRST YEARS OF FROEBEL'S EDUCATIONAL WORK

Many a river finds its home in the sea through a delta of several outlets. The stream of Froebel's life has now passed its delta, and enters the broad sea of his educational work. He has been embryo forester, secretary, engineer, architect. Now he becomes teacher, of himself and others.

His first instruction and school-keeping had to do with a class of from thirty to forty boys, between the ages of nine and eleven years. He met them not as little enemies who had to be subdued and led along a submissive path, but as co-workers in school life—teacher and class alike under the control of higher law.

In his pupils, his own nature found its complement. His class was something living and responsive; it would show from day to day the traces of his influence. Here was a real opportunity to work upon humanity for its betterment. There must, however, have been moments when the slowness of even his children's development seemed like rigidity, and as if the teacher were anything but a potter at his wheel. Still, he could write to his brother: "It seems to me as if I had found something not known, and yet long desired, long missed; as if I had



at last found my native element." And years afterward, looking back, he wrote: "I was like a fish in water or a bird in the air."

The subjects Froebel taught were arithmetic, drawing, geography and the German language. As Holmes said of his own varied teaching work at Harvard, Froebel occupied not a

chair but a settee. He does not begin as a narrow specialist—though, to be sure, the true specialist never is narrow. He was interested in all these subjects. We shall see later how his interests further broadened, while at the same time he gained a growing feeling of the unity comprehending all.

The school had a court and garden—as all good schools ought to have. The plays and exercises of the children were shared by the teachers. Then, too, the teachers accompanied the children on walks in the neighborhood. As an aid in geography, Froebel used these trips to familiarize his pupils with the features of the surrounding country; and had them represent on some smooth ground the positions and courses of hills, stream or road. Upon return to class, teacher and scholars together sketched on a blackboard lying horizontally what before they had done in the open. Then each child drew his little map of the scene. In this way geography was made a study of realities, and not of mere uninterpreted colored maps. To read Froebel's statement of this work is like reading the preface of the most modern text books in geography. The child, he affirms, must know what is near him before he studies the distant. His own pupils, he said, were as much at home in the vicinity of the city as in their own rooms, and noticed quickly and promptly all the features of the surface of their district. They had thus an informed imagination which could visit unseen lands intelligently.

Froebel was happy and successful in his work. But his own nature called for a development larger than that he thought obtainable in this model school at Frankfort. Froebel's mind thirsted for general principles which might be the spring of his particular efforts. He felt that he needed to know more of nature and of himself before he could see these principles clearly. So, upon request he was released from his engagement, and was free to seek the training he wanted.

But circumstances that he did not choose were to teach him. Some time

previous he had given instruction to three boys. They were now in need of a tutor. Froebel was the one most wished for. He was very reluctant to assume this new change at once; but he deemed it his duty, and so he undertook the work. Two stipulations, however, were made: he must be allowed to live with his pupils in the country; and he must be given complete control over them. This work he began in July, 1807. "I was now," he says, "twenty-five years old, but my development was that of one several years younger. Nor could I feel myself so old."

True to his instinct, Froebel is not content with mere formal instruction. He is after its innermost meaning. Thus early he strikes a keynote of all his subsequent thinking and doing. It is the note of true self-assertion, self-development. To live one's self, he felt, was the true education. But now comes the difficulty of working this sentiment into practical instruction. Froebel begins at the insight Pestalozzi had given. The child is in the midst of a world of objects which he must learn to know, to react upon and to shape according to his will. Here is opportunity for all sorts of nature work, and for the language which describes it. But this may become one-sided. For all human thirst, nature, without man and his work, is an empty vessel. Socrates was largely right when he responded to a young companion who laughed at him for being like a stranger when in the country: "You must have patience with me, for I love knowledge; and the trees and fields do not teach me, but the men in the city." And Froebel, leaving his one-sided, Rousseau-like views of nature, gains a wider view, which takes in the institutional life of humanity. The ideals of civilization must furnish the educational goal.

So Froebel, in his thinking, next sought to make everything clear through man. Here again was danger of one-sidedness. Outer nature was now near becoming

but a symbol, expressive of men's moods and movements. Froebel had a renewed philosophic desire—a dominant trait of him throughout life—for unity. The very word seems to have a soothing effect upon him; and he begins to grow trustfully deaf to the discords of antagonism that for most of us clang so insistently in this world of ours.

But Froebel's philosophy is as yet only a feeling. He had three active boys to bring up. This saved him from theoretic dreaming. He tried a garden as a means of education. In addition to the healthful bodily activity involved, the intellect and heart grew with its tending. There was the minute knowledge the children gained of plants; and the joy that came of giving flowers and fruit—something they had helped produce—to parents or teacher.

Froebel does not ignore a child's gifts. The child in his sphere would like to be a little benefactor; and it furthers his development if the older people about him show due appreciation. Especially is this true if the gifts be some little product of his skill or fancy. The thing made is the best expression of his power; and the giving it to another, of his love and of his sense of unity with others.

As in the Frankfort school Froebel had found the representation in sand or on paper helpful in his geography teaching, so, with his three boys, drawing and simple modeling were his greatest aids. Hand and mind were busied in this work.

Soon Froebel became convinced that both his pupils and himself needed to come in touch with a wider life. He himself needed training. His views were not clear, nor his aims settled. He gains permission to take his boys to Pestalozzi, head of the famous Institute at Yverdun. Here for two years they lived the life of the place, entering into all the routine of work and play. Froebel was here, as he expressed it, both educator and pupil. He put himself at school on all subjects, "in numbers, form, singing, reading, drawing, language, geography, natural

science, dead languages, etc." He learned much from the plays of the boys. These were held in the free air. Their joyous activity strengthened mind and body. Generous rivalry and leadership made the spirit vigorous. In fact, in these plays and in what was connected with them, Froebel saw the chief source of the moral strength of the place. In this connection it is interesting to look some ten years ahead and to note perhaps a trace of the influence of these games appearing in Froebel's school at Keilhau. We may take this glimpse through the account given* by George Ebers, who once went to school under Froebel. Speaking of Froebel and his fellow teachers, Ebers says: "Earnest men and lovers of childhood, they used the simplest forms of our daily life, at work or play, as opportunities for carrying out their principles; even the miniature battles we fought on summer evenings on the crest of some wooded height were made to bear a moral, for an awakening of the intelligence, preparatory to a higher instruction, weighed more seriously under the Froebel system than the success of a mere prodigy of learning."

But to return to the Institute at Yverdun. Froebel felt a lack in all his learning. He missed the satisfaction he believed a rightly followed curriculum should give. There was wanting the human insight and the correlation of the various studies with ideal human life. He talked with Pestalozzi; but this did little other than make more definite his dissatisfaction. Perhaps he did not know how to express clearly his unrest; and probably Pestalozzi could not have comprehended it had it been worded. Froebel was groping toward his own standpoint, and until that was found none other could give satisfying outlook. He decided to leave the Institute. Nevertheless, association with Pestalozzi had done much for him. His inner life had been enriched and strengthened by contact with the generous and loving master. The two

*In the "Forum," August, 1893.

years at Yverdun were directive and inspiring.

Froebel returned with his pupils to Frankfort in 1810, and remained their tutor until July of the following year. Then he went to Goettingen University, still seeking wider preparation for his calling. He had the divine restlessness of genius impelling him through questionings and doubts and unrest toward peace and stability. "I found I needed several months," he says, "to right myself, to bring my inner and outer being, my thought and action into harmony." He had a far quest intellectually. It was no less than "to find how to place mankind as a whole in and outside of me." He was led to a study of the eastern languages as the earliest expression of the life of men; and with characteristic ardor set to work at studying Hebrew and Arabic, with aspirations, too, for the Indian and Persian tongues; while Greek, he says, also allured him because of its fullness and order. All this linguistic study was to be the key to a satisfactory comprehension of man and his destiny. But his own growth carried him to this comprehension more speedily than the many tongues; and these

were largely given up—crowded out, and perhaps rightly, by other studies which seemed wiser interpreters of the riddle of existence. At his student work, Froebel felt free and happy. "I was cheerful," he says, "and peace reigned within and without me. As I lived alone through the day, I walked late in the afternoon in order to be greeted by the light friendly rays of the sinking sun. I walked until nearly midnight in the beautiful suburbs of Goettingen, in order to strengthen body and mind. The heaven lit with stars accorded with my feelings. So the summer half-year had flown and Michaelmas Day had come. My self development led me away from my study of languages to natural objects. My desire of studying nature in her first phenomena and elements again sprang up."*

Let us stop here for this month's part of our story. Let us put ourselves perhaps at Froebel's point of view, hinted at above; and in these summer days learn more of nature and of nature's ways.

*From Froebel's short autobiography. Translation published by Kellogg & Co.





THE CLUB WOMAN.



When organized woman made her bow to the world as "Unity in Diversity," there was introduced a social force, the strength and power of which, at this early stage of its existence, can only be guessed at.

We constantly hear comments on every side regarding the improved condition of women; the wide influence which she wields in all directions; the wonderful freedom which she has attained (as we once heard a woman say—"Spelled with an immense 'F' as if it were something more rare than the ordinary thing called by that name,") and the expressed hope for the complete purification of all existing evils when she shall have attained the attitude toward which she aspires—Equality with man, and the half-deprecatory, half-patronizing surprise with which such comments are almost invariably accompanied, would naturally lead one to suppose that from time immemorial, and up to her advent as an organized body, woman had been in utter and absolute subjection—which is not true if we can believe a history which tells us that for centuries woman was not only the "power behind the throne," but the power upon it. That during the period of the Matri-

archate (which would certainly suggest organization), woman was the supreme and only power. When the Matriarchate ceased to exist, and through what means or causes, and the Patriarchate (when man seized the reins of government) began, we do not know, But we do know that the Patriarchate is no longer the only recognized factor in social forces, and that woman, seemingly, armed and equipped with that new power which psychologists call the Sixth Sense, through means of which we are enabled to read each other's mind and communicate without speech, is again in the arena of life's forces, abreast with man in law, science, art and literature, and that the dawn of a third dynasty will usher in a reign of equality, which we hope will be as perfect as altruistic, as that spoken of by the Apostle Paul, when he said: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Jesus Christ."

Balzac says—"Times have changed—So have weapons. The knight who once was armed with coat of mail and halbert, and went to war with lance and banner, must now give proof of the quality of his mind. In those days, a

brave heart; in our day, a strong brain! A noble work is the equal of a noble name."

As the coat of mail, lance, banner and halbert were the weapons of the knights of old, so organization is the weapon of the woman of our day, and we see on all sides new forces gathering with the fixed idea and settled conviction that unless they assert themselves forcefully and persistently, history will repeat itself, and as in the one or two instances in biblical records where Sarah obeyed Abram, it will require a miraculous intervention of Providence to save both man and woman from the result of the laws and decrees of the Patriarchate.

Through means of the club, woman is developing business ability, executive management and tolerance for various views. She is being trained in the practical facts of life and in the experiences of human nature which develop charity and common sense.

A prominent club woman and writer once wrote: "It was a great day for the world when one of our historians discovered that there was something in history besides the doings of kings and queens, and gave us the history of the common people." But it was a greater day for women when they discovered that it was of much more im-

portance that they should be women, sharing with all their sex in noble aims and ambitions, than that they should be merely ladies. It is a beautiful thing to be a lady, but it is far higher and nobler to be a true woman with an intelligent conception of, and helpful part in the many forces of the world.

The club woman is first of all a devoted patriot and a tireless student of historical and political institutions. She encourages the higher education of woman, the improvement of her industrial conditions, and the repeal of all laws that are unjust to her. She is educated intellectually and knows herself and her world—"She with all the charms of womanhood, she with all the breadth of man."

Through the club woman shall come the regeneration and redemption of the human race. Her every effort for the betterment of humanity shall be crowned by success, for before her eyes ever since the Shibboleth under which she is organized—"Unity in Diversity," a uniting of charity with discrimination, liberality with firmness of purpose, education with understanding, religion with humility and knowledge with wisdom.

Ida Trafford-Bell.

ALL SORTS

1. The point of a compass needle is called the lily, deriving its name from the ornamentation—a lily or a fleur-de-lis.

2. Captain Boycott was a land-agent in Mayo, Ireland, in 1880, from whose treatment we get our verb.

3. The shoe of an anchor is "a small block of wood, convex on the back, with a hole to receive the point of the anchor fluke—used to prevent the anchor from tearing the planks of the vessel when raised or lowered;" also "a broad, triangular piece of plank, placed upon the fluke to give it a better hold in the soft ground."

4. Our modern term "table" used to be called a board, and was often movable, and put upon trestles; hence, the provisions placed upon the "board" soon took the same name.

5. Instead of our phrase "He has the floor"—meaning the right to speak—the English say: "He is in possession of the house."

6. The upright post about which a circular staircase winds is called the newel, and in a straight flight of stairs it is the principal post at the foot.

7. Match hooks, or sister hooks, are fitted together in pairs—the shank of one forming the mousing of the other.

8. The forked piece in a glove, between adjoining fingers, to which the front and back are sewed is called a fourchette, the French for fork.

9. Where one railroad branches from or crosses another, the wide triangular plate—having raised ribs that form continuations of the rails, to guide the wheels—is called the frog.

10. The Portland vase is owned by the Duke of Portland and kept in the British Museum. It was found in a marble sarcophagus near Rome, about the middle of the 16th century; and in 1845 was broken into bits by a stone in the hands of a man who did it for love of notoriety or mischief. Be-

ing of glass (dark blue) it could be mended, and was, but is no longer on exhibition.

11. The word "scoon" in some parts of New England means the "skipping" of stones on the surface of water. In 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson, of Gloucester, Mass., built a small two-masted vessel, with fore and aft rig. As she was sent off the stocks into the water, a spectator shouted: "O, how she scoons!" "A schooner let her be," replied the owner—and since then vessels so rigged and built have been so called, though now the masts and rigging vary.

12. A magazine dress is clothing made of woolen, with nothing metallic about it, to be worn in a powder magazine—great caution for fear of explosion being necessary.

13. The obtuse angle of the lower end of a rafter set sloping is sometimes called its heel.

14. The principal upright pieces of a door are the stiles.

It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. As a rule, the eggs of an insets are hatched long after the death of the parent.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish was sold to the poor the seller was decorated with a necklace of his unsavory wares and obliged to stand upon a platform in the market place for a specified length of time.

According to Pepy's Diary, servants did not have a very easy time of it in his day. Under the date of December 2, 1680, he says:

"This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her until she cried exceedingly."



Not every one is a lover of poetry, and there are very good people who do not "take" to the sciences, nor yet to moral writings; but no one who once opens the covers of "Carpenter's Geographical Reader," will be likely to put it down until every word within its two covers has been devoured. It treats of the people of Asia, their ways, means of living—or of doing without, as many of them are in such extreme poverty that they never go to bed without the feeling of hunger—and their household arrangements. Mr. Frank Carpenter, the author, has made everything real to us, not only by well selected words, but by an almost innumerable lot of half tone engravings, and he carries us with him in his journeys to, through and around the various divisions of this vast Empire of the Orient, opening our eyes (and hearts) at nearly every step. Let the children have it to read, and see if they are not interested in "the heathen," although neither pastor nor Sunday-school teacher may have been able to awaken any interest heretofore in these far away people. A few of the cuts appearing in "American Influence in Japan," in the current issue of this magazine are taken from the above. Cloth; 300 pages. (American Book Co., New York).

Mary B. Denison may have written a sweeter, more interesting, purer-toned story than "Captain Molly," but I doubt it. Tender and touching, from Chapter I. to Finis, it is full of sympathetic pathos without the morbid details of crime common in current literature, and with no elevation of immoral characters.

Then, too, it shows the practical work of the Salvation Army; and as the sweet-pictured heroine had her prototype in its New York wing, the book will have unbounded interest for all New Yorkers who have known the story of the banker's beautiful daughter. She is a noble specimen of womanhood—born to wealth, the child of culture and of care, the pet of "society," but sees as with clear vision into the broader life of the work-a-day world, and, dropping all social ties, leaves the "social butterflies" to go and live in and with her work, purifying the atmosphere of that part of the notorious "East Side," where she makes her new home.

Disappointed at his rejection, her lover follows her in disguise, and takes up his abode near, posing as a printer—and when the time is right renews his love-making, and is successful.

Baby Bassett is one of the prominent characters, around whom interest centers, and who draws out much that is best in many.

Characters, incidents, dialogue, tone and plot, are beyond criticism. There is nothing in the book to make one regret reading it, and it is eminently safe to recommend. Cloth, 200 pages, \$1.00. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)



Cream Pudding, No. 1.—One-half cup flour; one quart milk; four eggs; three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; a pinch of salt, mixed in the flour; flavoring to suit taste. Beat one of the whites and the four yolks, add the sugar, then the milk. Pour a cup of this mixture over the flour, and beat until perfectly smooth, then add the remainder. Put in a double boiler, when the water in the lower kettle is boiling, and stir until thick. Remove from the fire and add flavoring, and pour into a pudding dish. Beat the remaining whites stiff, add the powdered sugar, spread roughly over the pudding and place in a moderate oven leaving the door open, for about twenty minutes. This pudding can be made on Saturday for Sunday's dessert.

Cream Pudding, No. 2.—One-half cup flour; one-half cup granulated sugar; one quart of milk; three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; a pinch of salt; flavoring to suit. Mix the flour and salt with a cup of cold milk; put the remainder of the milk in the double boiler, and when it boils add the flour and milk mixture. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the granulated sugar together and stir into the mixture in the double boiler; add the butter and flavoring; pour into the pudding dish, and bake for thirty minutes in a slow oven.

Make a meringue with the whites and powdered sugar, and when the pudding is baked spread over it the meringue and return to the oven until a light brown. This is a good Sunday dessert also, as it can be made on Saturday.

Lemon Pie (the old way).—One cup of molasses; half of a cup of water; one teaspoonful of flour; grated rind of half a lemon; one lemon from which the white has been peeled, slice thin. Line the pie pan with crust; put the sliced lemon in the dish, and sprinkle over it the grated rind. Mix the flour thoroughly in the water and stir in the molasses; pour over the lemon in the pie pan and put the crust on in strips.

Lemon Pie (the new way).—One cup of sugar; one cup of hot water; one teaspoonful of cornstarch; one teaspoonful of butter; yolks of two eggs; grated rind and juice of one lemon. Mix butter and sugar, and the eggs after, and cornstarch, then the lemon rind and juice and water; boil together in a double boiler, stirring continually. Line a pie-plate with a rich crust and fill with the mixture; put in oven. Beat the whites very stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the pie is baked spread the beaten whites and sugar roughly over it and return to the oven for a few minutes, until a light brown.

and she tripped and fell, and cut her face on a sharp stone.

The policeman came and took her in his arms, but she kicked and screamed, crying, "Please don't take me to prison; I'm not a fief."

Florence heard her screaming and ran to the door.

The doctor had to come and take two stitches in Dottie's face, and all night in her sleep she would cry, "I'm not a fief."

The pink dress was ruined, and Florence said, after Dottie was bathed and tucked safely in bed, "Well, I hope she has learned a lesson."

Mrs. Gray said gently, "I am sorry for you, dear, but I think there is a lesson in it for you also."

LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT OF ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

BY AUNT MARGARET.

Dottie Gray was a sweet, pretty little girl, five years old, and so kind and unselfish that everyone loved her. And yet she was often in trouble, for she was so meddlesome

that scarcely a day passed without Dottie being in disgrace for some mischief.

What did she do? It would take a big book to hold all the meddlesome things she did.

When a little girl she would run to the sewing machine as soon as her mama left it, although she had been told over and over again how much danger there was in meddling with the needle and wheels. But one day the needle caught her finger and hurt it very much, and after that Dottie would not touch the machine, and it was amusing to hear her warn her little playmate Ethel what would happen if she did not heed her mama and stop meddling. Ethel did not need Dottie's lec-

dress, with hat, fan and gloves to match, lay on the bed, all ready for her to go to a grand lawn party at five o'clock. After looking at the dress, Dottie said, "Let's dress up, and make b'lieve go to a party."

"Florence would scold," said Ethel timidly.

"I'll put on the pink one; she couldn't scold me."

So Ethel put on a dress out of the closet and took the parasol, and Dottie put on the pink dress and carried the fan. They went quietly out the front door, and walked about half the block, when the "big policeman" came around the corner. Dottie turned and ran as fast as she could, but the dress was long

ture, for she was meddlesome only when she was with Dottie.

Mrs. Gray had punished her little daughter, but she did not seem to fear any punishment.

There was only one person that she was afraid of, and that was the "big p'liceman." A thief had been arrested in a house across the way, and Dottie had seen this policeman strike him on the head and take him off to prison. Dottie's brother Fred had told her that if she did not stop meddling with his things, he would give her to the "big p'liceman." She ran screaming into the house, and it was several hours before her mother could quiet her, and Mrs. Gray forbid anyone to frighten her with the "big p'liceman" again.

3



dress." So they went into Florence's room where her beautiful, new pink

6

One day Dottie and Ethel were having a tea party in the nursery. Mrs. Gray was going to call upon a sick friend, and before leaving home



said to Dottie's elder sister Florence, who was reading in the sitting-room, "Florence, you had better take your book to the nursery, as it is not safe to leave the children alone."

"Yes, mamma dear, I will," replied

Florence, but as soon as mamma had gone she forgot the children, and read on and on in her book.



After Dottie and Ethel were tired of the tea party, Dottie said, "Come, Ethel, and see sister's real party

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